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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1868.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

Tietjens, Ilma de Murska, Minnie Hauck.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), NOVEMBER 28TH, will be presented (for the last time) Mozart's Opera,

"IL DON GIOVANNI."

Donna Anna, Mdlle. Tietjens; Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska (on this occasion); Zerlina, Mdlle. Minnie Hauck; Leporello, Herr Formes; Don Ottavio, Signor Bettini; Masetto, Signor Zeboli; Il Commendatore, Signor Foll; and Don Giovanni, Mr. Santley.

CONDUCTOR - - - SIGNOR ARDITI.

EXTRA FINAL NIGHT.

One Night more, on Monday next, November 30th, positively the last of the Series of Opera.—Grand Combined Performance.

MONDAY NEXT, November 30th, Rossini's overture to "Guglielmo Tell" (performed by the full orchestra) will commence the evening. To be followed by the Third Act (Garden Scene) of "FAUST." Faust, Signor Bettini; Mephistopheles, Signor Tagliafico; Siebel, Mdlle. Sandrina; Martha, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Margherita, Mdlle. Minnie Hauck. After which the First Scene of the Second Act of "DINORAH" (including the celebrated "Shadow Song"). Un Capralo, Mdlle. Scalchi; and Dinorah, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. To which will succeed the First Scene of the Second Act of "DER FREISCHUTZ" (including the Grand Scene). Rodolfo, Signor Bulterini; Annetta, Mdlle. Sinico; and Agata, Mdlle. Tietjens. To be followed by the Second Act of "I DUE FOSCARI." Lucrezia, Mdlle. Rose Hersee; and Il Doge, Mr. Santley. To conclude with the Last Act of "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Edgardo, Signor Bulterini; Raimondo, Signor Tagliafico; and Lucia, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. In the course of the Evening the NATIONAL ANTHEM. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

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MDLLE. TIETJENS will appear as **DONNA ANNA**, in "IL DON GIOVANNI," THIS EVENING, and as Agata, in "Der Freischütz," on Monday next, on the occasion of the Extra Final Night.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

MDLLE. ILMA DE MURSKA will appear as **DONNA ELVIRA** THIS EVENING, and on Monday next (Final Night) as Dinorah and as Lucia.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

MDLLE. MINNIE HAUCK will perform the character of **ZERLINA**, THIS EVENING, and appear as Margherita, in "Faust," for the last time, on the Final Night on Monday next.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY
CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.
BEETHOVEN'S "MOUNT OF OLIVES." Full Orchestra, Chorus, and Organ, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor, Mr. Manns.
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MR. C. A. CASPAR'S SOIREE MUSICALE will take place at the ANGELTOWN INSTITUTION, Brixton, on FRIDAY, December 4th, on which occasion the following celebrated Artists will appear:—Vocalists: Mesdames Blanche Reeves, Pembroke, Di Rosa; Messrs. Alfred Hemming, Ralph Wilkinson, Frank Thornton. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte—Mesdames Ada F. Bartram, Alberta Caspar, Herr Schratzenholz, and Mr. C. A. Caspar; Violin, Messrs. H. Griesbach and G. Brace; Violoncello, Herr Schubert (Director Schubert Society); Flute, Herr Wüstemann. Conductors—Herr Schubert, Messrs. Willmot and Caspar.

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ROSSINI.

(From the "Saturday Review.")

Rossini has died, full of years and honours. He had lived out his artistic life, or at any rate his period of productivity, long since. Many stories are current as to his reasons for virtually ceasing to labour for the world's entertainment and his own glory before he had reached the age of forty, but none worth much attention. The comparative failure of his noblest effort, or, at any rate, the mere "*succès d'estime*" which it won at the outset, may possibly have exercised some influence on his unexpected resolution. *Guillaume Tell* cost him six months of earnest and unremitting application, a longer period than he had often devoted to half-a-dozen operas, more or less. But it should be remembered that with *Guillaume Tell* he completed the contract which bound him to the Théâtre de l'Opéra in Paris, it being the last of three grand works which as "*Premier Compositeur du Roi*" (Charles X.), he had pledged himself to write for that establishment. His rearrangements of *Maometto Secondo* and *Mosè in Egitto* for the same theatre must have given him no small trouble, taking into consideration the proportions they assumed, as *Le Siège de Corinthe* and *Mosè*, immediate precursors of *Guillaume Tell*. And judged from the simple point of view of art, these are certainly the achievements which place him nearest to the musicians for all time. As a mere creation of genius the *Barbiere di Siviglia* may be named even with the last and best of the three; while there are *finales* and concerted pieces scattered through the many operas which he composed for the Italian theatres that clearly show how much larger were his constructive powers, and how much more thorough a command he possessed over the technical department of his art, than severe judges felt inclined to admit; but his French performances fairly challenge criticism. In truth, Rossini never endeavoured actually to do his utmost until he commenced writing for the great lyric theatre of Paris; and it may be readily imagined that one accustomed to earn laurels so easily, one whose genius had enabled him to produce masterpieces almost without knowing or caring how, who, the darling of his own country, and a recognized conqueror in the domain of opera "from Lisbon to Moscow," to say nothing of England, had, after a somewhat prolonged struggle, against the cunning intrigues of such men as Paër, &c., succeeded in winning also the allegiance of France—the most difficult, because in musical matters the most arrogant and conceited, of all nations—would experience a certain degree of mortification from the fact that in France he had set himself for the first time quite seriously to work and yet failed to obtain the recognition which was his due. No one knew so well as Rossini that in *Le Siège de Corinthe* and *Mosè* he had surpassed his previous efforts, and that in *Guillaume Tell* he had gone still further. This too he had done in submission to French taste, accommodating himself to the French way of looking at such things, declaiming after the French fashion, becoming dramatic from the French special point of view, supplying the French with their indispensable ballet, and composing for them dance music such as had never been composed before and has never been composed since, Auber and Meyerbeer not forgotten—and all this while giving a new shape to dramatic music and stamping it indelibly with the imprint of his own individuality. After being initiated into the French mode of dealing with this particular kind of lyric composition, he taught the French in turn, showing them what true genius could accomplish under any conditions. To *Le Siège de Corinthe*, and still more to *Mosè*, we owe Auber's *Muette de Portici* and *Gustave III*; and, in a measure, too, the *Robert* and *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer—to say nothing of *La Juive* and other works of Halévy; but *Guillaume Tell* was an entirely new creation, to imitate which successfully would have demanded an invention no less fertile than that of the author of *Guillaume Tell* himself. Among the causes, therefore, which have been suggested for Rossini's abandoning the pen nearly forty years ago, the most feasible seems to be the scant appreciation afforded to that great work which had cost him so much thought to plan, so much labour to complete, and upon which he had lavished all the wealth of his extraordinary resources. It is difficult to believe that his invention was exhausted at this period, or that he had written himself out. His *Stabat Mater*, indeed, the most important pieces in which were composed three years later than *Guillaume Tell* his *Soirées Musicales*, his religious choruses, *La Foi*,

L'Eperance et La Charité, his *Tantum ergo* emphatically declare the contrary. On the other hand, the scandal that so long obtained credence about Rossini's jealousy of Meyerbeer and Halévy, and his avowed determination not to resume the pen till *les Juifs auraient fini leur sabbat*, is beneath consideration. From their first acquaintance in Italy to the end Rossini and Meyerbeer lived on terms of friendly intimacy. No one spoke with more enthusiasm of Rossini than Meyerbeer, and no one said so little in disparagement of Meyerbeer as Rossini.

Gioacchino Rossini was born in 1792 (February 29th), less than three months after the death of Mozart. His birthplace was Pesaro, in the Roman States. Upon the details of his boyhood it is unnecessary to dwell; nor, even did space permit, should we think of attempting a history of his life. Rossini's life resembled that of many other Italian composers for the theatre—a life full of ups and downs. Hurrying to and fro, sometimes to success, at others to failure, for a long time receiving the smallest guerdon for operas, written for this town or for that, he gradually, though surely, won the public sympathy, and, as a natural sequence, managerial recognition, till at length fortune smiled upon him and he could command his own terms. Such was the life of Rossini, from the time at which he composed his earliest operatic works, *La Cambiale di Matrimonio* (in one act) and *L'Equivoque Stravagante* (in two), the first for Venice (1810), the last for Bologna (1811), to the time that *Tancredi*, produced at the Fenice, in Venice (1813), made his name famous over Italy; such was his life from *Tancredi* to the *Barbiere di Siviglia* (February, 1815), upon which his fame has depended as much as upon *Guillaume Tell* itself; such from *Il Barbiere* to *Semiramide*, brought out at the Fenice, Venice (1823),—the last opera he composed for Italy. What was before all remarkable is the rapidity of production which enabled Rossini within the space of thirteen years to give so many operas to the world, and among them so many containing much that is likely to endure. When he wrote *La Cambiale di Matrimonio* he was about 18; when he wrote *Semiramide* he was no more than 31. Nor was his ordinary habit of composing by any means favourable to the end in view. He frequently wasted in conviviality a good portion of the time stipulated for in his contracts with managers, and only when one might imagine there was just enough left at disposal to enable the copyist to make a fair copy of his score did he begin in earnest. He would then shut himself up and see no one till his opera was entirely sketched out, the scoring of it for the orchestra, which to the majority is by no means the least arduous task, being usually effected while laughing and conversing with his boon companions. And yet Rossini never failed on the appointed day when his work was to be delivered into the hands of the *Impresario*. Even *Guillaume Tell* was scored under similar circumstances, with the same easy nonchalance, in the society of his Parisian friends.

The operas we have named form the standpoints in the various stages of Rossini's Italian career. Between *La Cambiale* and *L'Equivoque Stravagante*—written when he was scarcely free from the trammels of Mattei, his master in counterpoint and composition, to whose strict habits of discipline the young musician was anything rather than passively obedient—and *Tancredi*, he composed *L'Inganno Felice*, *Il Cambio della Valigia*, *Ciro in Babilonia*, *La Scala di Seta*, *I due Bruchini*, *La Pietra del Paragone*, *L'Occasione fa la Ladra* and *Demetrio e Polibio*, all of which were received with more or less favour, two or three of them with enthusiasm. No less than six were produced within the space of a single year (1812). The book of *Demetrio e Polibio*, Rossini's first attempt at opera seria, was written by Madame Mombelli, sister of the choregraph, Viganò, who invented the ballet of *Prometheus*, which Beethoven set to music. A quartet in this opera is spoken of, by Stendhal and others, in glowing terms. In *L'Inganno Felice* may be detected a foreshadowing of *Il Barbiere* and *Cenerentola*, while *Ciro in Babilonia* contains a chorus of magicians which would not have been out of place in *Semiramide*. As *La Cambiale* was the opera by which Rossini tried his wings at the little theatre of San Mosè, in Venice, so *La Pietra del Paragone* first brought him forward at the great theatre of La Scala in Milan. This last may fairly be regarded as his "*pierre de touche*." It was in *La Pietra* that he first employed the effect of *crescendo*, subsequently and so often turned to excellent account, but of which he was no more the originator than Giuseppe Mosca, from whom he was said to have stolen it. But enough of the early works of our composer, who

received for each no more than the moderate consideration of from 200 to 250 francs—except for *La Pietra del Paragone*, for which he was paid 600. His first standpoint, as we have hinted, was *Tancredi*, in which at the age of 21 he showed himself master of *opera seria* and creator of a school. *La Pietra del Paragone*, as one of his biographers justly remarks, "gave him reputation; *Tancredi* gave him glory." From *Demetrio e Polibio* to *Tancredi* was one step; from *La Pietra* to *L'Italiana in Algeri* another. What *Tancredi* had done for Rossini in the direction of serious opera *L'Italiana* did for him in the direction of comic opera. *L'Italiana in Algeri* was produced in the summer of 1813, at the San Benedetto, Venice, and met with unequivocal success. In the *Italiana*, extravagant as the libretto, Rossini had given new life to the *buffo* style. Every piece, from the overture to the trio, "Pappataci," was instinct with fresh vigour. He had now arrived at such a pass that the *Barbiere* and *Semiramide* are easily explained. Though producing with almost unexampled rapidity, he composed so much that, while frequently repeating himself, to write an opera was to him no labour; and it depended solely upon the mood he might be in whether the opera would or would not turn out a genuine work of art. Thus *L'Aureliano in Palmira*, which separated *L'Italiana* from *Il Barbiere*, was at the best a *refinamiento*. It is remembered, however, for several reasons. Its overture was that now played to the *Barbiere*; and the theme of one of its choruses is the same as that of Almaviva's cavatina, "Ecco ridente." Rossini (like Auber) would use for other purposes whatever pleased him best in a work which had been unsuccessful; and for this he has frequently been called to account. *Aureliano* is otherwise noticeable as the opera in which Rossini himself first wrote the embellishments of his airs. Hence the florid *bravura* style, subsequently carried to a high pitch in *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, and still later brought to perfection in *Semiramide*.

L'Italiana in Algeri was followed by *Il Turco in Italia*. This opera-buffa, as extravagant and as amusing in its way as its direct precursor, with Philippo Galli as the "Turco," Giovanni Davide as Narciso, and Paccini (the Ronconi of his day) as Don Geronio, was produced at the Scala, Milan, in the autumn of 1814, and brought its composer the magnificent sum of 800 francs; but the Milanese, jealous of the Venetians, who had gone wild about *L'Italiana*, received it with as much coldness as they had shown to *L'Aureliano*. This was not encouraging for Rossini, whose next opera, *Sigismondo*, although highly praised by the orchestra as his very best, and produced at the theatre which had witnessed the triumph of *Tancredi*, was a decided failure. *Sigismondo* is now as little known as the *Cambio della Valigia*, of which not a single piece is extant. In the autumn of the same year Rossini produced another *opera seria*, entitled *Elisabetta Regina d'Inghilterra*, at Naples, having entered into an engagement with the notorious Barbaja to undertake the musical direction of the San Carlo and Fondo in that city, and to compose an opera for each annually. *Elisabetta*, at the San Carlo, was the first fruit of his engagement. The overture was that to *Aureliano in Palmira* (to which the composer must have been very partial). The *recitativo secco*, or recitative accompanied solely by the violoncello and pianoforte, was here for the first time abandoned; Rossini himself wrote the ornaments and *fioriture* for the singers, instead of permitting them to supply their own; and among the principal performers were Manuel Garcia, the tenor (Malibran's father), and the Spanish mezzo-soprano, Isabella Colbrand, who, seven years later became Rossini's wife. The opera had genuine success, and so delighted was the King with the music, that he issued an express order for removing a prohibition against the works of Rossini which had been enforced at the Conservatorio by the pedantic old master, Zingarelli. Although subsequently given in London, when the composer and his wife were engaged at the King's Theatre, *Elisabetta* is now almost forgotten.

The opera which came after *Elisabetta* was *Torvaldo e Dorliaka*, at the Teatro Valle, Rome (1815), the chief characters being sustained by Madame Sala (who long afterwards settled in England), Donzelli, Galli, and Remorini. *Torvaldo* was a failure; but one of its most striking themes was subsequently introduced in *Otello*. It was succeeded by *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Rome, 1816). *Il Barbiere*—with the intermission of *La Gazzetta*, an "operetta buffa," improvised for the Teatro del Fiorentini—was followed by *Otello* (Naples, 1816); *Otello* by *La Cenerentola* (Rome, 1817); and *La*

Cenerentola by *La Gazza Ladra* (Milan, 1817). The production of four such works—not to speak of a cantata, entitled *Teti a Peleo*, or of the scarcely known *Gazzetta*, or of *Armida*, composed and performed at the San Carlo, Naples—within so brief an interval of time, denotes a facility only excelled by the almost incredible feats of Handel. About the *Barbiere*, *Otello*, *La Cenerentola*, and *La Gazza Ladra* it would be superfluous to say anything; the anecdotes connected with their production are familiar, while as operas they are just as popular in England as elsewhere. Nor need we do more than enumerate the other Italian operas of Rossini—*Adelaida di Borgogna* (Rome, 1818); *Mosè in Egitto*,* afterwards the *Mosè* of Paris (Naples, 1818); *Adina*, a one-act opera (Lisbon, 1818); *Ricciardo e Zoraide* (Naples, 1818); *Ermione* (Naples, 1819); *Eduardo e Cristino*, a "centone," or pasticcio, made out of pieces from the two works last mentioned (Venice, 1819); *La Donna del Lago* (San Carlo, Naples, 1819); *Bianca e Faliero* (the Scala, Milan, 1820); *Maometto Secondo*, afterwards the *Paris Siège de Corinthe* (Naples, San Carlo, 1820); *Matilda di Shabran* (Rome, 1821); *Zelmira* (Naples, 1821); and *Semiramide* (Teatro Fenice, Vienna, 1823). All these were produced under the same conditions of precipitate haste as the operas which preceded them, and the catalogue alone, without reference to the beauties with which many of them are crowded, and in which not one is altogether wanting, must raise astonishment at the facility and seemingly inexhaustible resources of the composer. In *Ricciardo e Zoraide* Rossini had a chance of writing for Pisoni, for whom afterwards he composed the part of Malcolm Græme in *La Donna del Lago*. When he first heard Pisoni at Genoa, she was playing soprano characters, and among others, Amenaide and Matilda in *Tancredi* and *Matilda di Shabran*; and it was he who persuaded the renowned artist to abandon soprano, and take to parts for which her voice was naturally suited. Through his advice Pisoni became the greatest contralto of her time—the *Tancredi* and *Arsace par excellence*. *Ricciardo*, next to *Semiramide*, is the opera in which Rossini has been most prodigal of the florid *bravura* style. Of *Bianca e Faliero* little is now remembered but a quartet and a duet for women's voices, both since interpolated in *La Donna del Lago*. At the first three representations of *Matilda di Shabran* the orchestra was directed by the famous violinist, Paganini, who, the conductor being ill, had, without Rossini's knowledge, proffered his services to the *impresario*. Shortly after the first performance of *Zelmira*, in which Mdle. Isabella Colbrand played the principal character, she accompanied Rossini to Bologna, where their marriage was solemnized—the result of seven years' courtship. Though originally produced at Naples, *Zelmira* was composed for Vienna, and it was the first opera (followed by *Matilda*, *Elisabetta*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Ricciardo*), which so completely fascinated the Austrian capital, to the despair of Beethoven and the anger of *soi-disant* "classical" critics. With respect to *Semiramide*, to this day so popular, it is enough to state that the chief singers on the occasion of its first representation were Colbrand (*Semiramide*), Mariani (*Arsace*), Galli (*Assur*), and the English tenor, Sinclair (*Idreno*). Speaking of *Semiramide*, Rossini said, "It is the only one of my Italian operas which I had the chance of composing at leisure; my contract allowed me forty days—but I did not take forty days to write it." The Italian career of this singularly-gifted man thus commenced at the little theatre of San Mosè with the musical farce of *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, and terminated at the great theatre of La Fenice, with the lyric tragedy of *Semiramide*. Thus Venice, so far as his own country was concerned, was both his Alpha and Omega.

Of Rossini's sojourn in Vienna (1822) no more need be said. We may pause to regret that the opera he wrote expressly for the Austrians, the *Zelmira*, of which Carpani and others speak in raptures, although given in London during the professional visit of the great Italian and his wife (1823-4), should be at this moment virtually unknown to London amateurs. With reference to this visit it is enough to add that Rossini did not compose the opera, *La Figlia dell'Aria*, for which he had engaged himself to the manager of the King's Theatre, but paid the forfeit instead. His time had been otherwise too profitably employed; by singing

* Originally played in London, at the King's Theatre, as *Pietro l'Eremito*.

† Performed at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, under the name of *Zora*.

and accompanying at concerts, public and private, he had amassed, in less than five months, between £7,000 and £8,000. Nor shall we go into details about his varied fortunes as director of the Italian Opera in Paris, where he produced the *Crociato in Egitto* of Meyerbeer, where he composed *Il Viaggio di Rheims*, afterwards metamorphosed into *Le Comte Ory* (for the *fêtes du sacre* of Charles X.), where he brought forward Donzelli, Rubini, Malibran, Sontag, Pisaroni, Galli, Lablache, Tamburini, and Giulia Grisi, where he engaged Hérold, composer of *Zampa* and *Le Pré aux Clercs*, as *chef du chant*, and did many other things worthy commemoration. To his subsequent achievements in Paris reference has been made at the beginning of this article. In 1836 Rossini left Paris for Bologna; in 1845 his first wife died in that city; in 1847 he married Mlle. Olympe Pelissier, now his widow; and in the same year quitted Bologna for Florence, where he remained till 1855, when he returned to Paris, never again to leave it. The position he held and the life he led in the French capital are well known.

If not the most learned of Italian composers, or the one who did most with the gifts he owed to nature, Rossini was certainly the most prolific. Compared with Cherubini as a scholar he could not fairly be, any more than as an inventor Cherubini could be compared with him. Cimarosa and Paisiello, his immediate predecessors, were also prolific; so was Piccini, who preceded them; but allowing for the time in which they respectively flourished and the progress which, through the German masters (Haydn and Mozart especially) the art had made, we must still admit that Rossini was, not only in genius but in acquirement, their superior. What, after all, is the *Barbiere* of Paisiello, what the *Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa (the *Buona Figliola* of Piccini is altogether out of date), placed in juxtaposition with the *Barbiere* of Rossini? Or, to leave *opera buffa*, and go to *opera seria*, who would think of putting the *Orazii ed i Curiazii* of Cimarosa on a par with *Otello*, or with any other of Rossini's operas of that class? As a proof that the old masters, changes of style and means accounted for, can hold their own, it is but necessary to cite the instance of Mozart; and we should no more think of pitting *Guillaume Tell* against *Don Giovanni* than the *Barbiere* against *Le Nozze di Figaro*. But can any one acquainted with their works imagine Paisiello or Cimarosa writing *Guillaume Tell* or *Moise*? No, nor even *Otello*. All the Italian dramatic music of the last half century comes more or less from Rossini. Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi himself, are alike indebted to him; and how much they are his inferiors need scarcely be added. That Auber, superlatively French as he is, owes him something, Auber would be the readiest to admit. Meyerbeer was more or less his debtor to the end; and the influence to which we owe *Margherita d'Anjou* and *Il Crociato* is not altogether absent from *Robert* and the *Huguenots*.

PASSAGES FROM MY LIFE.

(REMINISCENCES OF ONE NOW DEAD.)*

In the Krausenstrasse, Berlin, where the Friedrichstädtische Halle is now the nightly resort of the "Deas minorum gentium," stood, forty-five years ago, the modest establishment of Henkel the restaurateur, where students were in the habit of taking their frugal repasts. Here were seated opposite each other, one evening in the winter season of 1823-24, two young men, one of whom attracted the attention of the other, who was a stranger to him, by the Napoleonic type of his features, and still more by his remarkable restlessness. The possessor of the Bonaparte-like physiognomy kept executing in his chair all kinds of seemingly dangerous manœuvres, without appearing to bother his head in the least about the existence of his companion. After attempting unsuccessfully some Japanese knife-tricks, and projecting sundry bread-pellets against the ceiling, which was not very high—some of the pellets rebounding close to the portion of the table justly belonging for the time to the writer of these lines—he began whistling a fantasia, a wild effusion without tune or rhythm, but the instrument with which Nature had provided him he employed with great virtuosity. As yet we had not exchanged a word, and I was beginning, within my own mind, to grow angry at my neighbour's unceremonious behaviour, when I thought I might amuse myself in the same way that he amused himself. During a pause which shortly afterwards

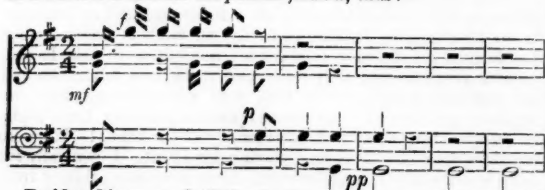
supervened in the mimico-plastico-equilibristico-musical solo *scena*, I suddenly commenced singing in a loud voice the first part of a then universally popular Ecossaise-Waltz. Scarcely had I concluded, when my *vis-à-vis* whistled the well-known eight bars, in the same key, and the same time. "So, he is not altogether unmusical," I thought, and, to test him, I sang the second part of the waltz. The answer was instantly whistled back, but with a variation in the third, and another in the fourth bar. I looked at my companion, and again sang the second part according to the reading familiar to me; the echo did not obey, however, for my companion whistled his melody as before, merely laying a particular stress upon the altered passage. "Yes, that is really right," he now said, as I looked scrutinizingly at him, "for there is no simple accompaniment to your melody."—"I am sorry," I replied, "that I cannot prove to you the contrary, as, to do so, we should require an instrument."—"Oh, there is one in the landlord's room, next to this; I am a regular customer," he continued, "so we will go in without more ado." It was thus that I made the acquaintance of a highly gifted young man, and we ended the evening by playing, without notes, the finale to *Don Juan* for four hands, and then, in mutual admiration of our musical capabilities, we took friendly leave of one another. August Dohrn, an amateur endowed with talent such as few artists possess, became my inseparable comrade at the University, and, for two successive years, I accompanied him, each vacation, to his home at Hückendörff, near Stettin. But it is not He who is the One now Dead to whom I refer in the heading of this notice; Dohrn is alive in all the fulness of health, and in the lap of wealth, the happy father of a family, the director of the largest sugar-refinery in the kingdom of Prussia, President of the German Entomological Association, the translator of Spanish dramas, and ex-deputy.

Some weeks after our first meeting, we were seated together in a *Restauration* in the Jägerstrasse. In 1850, Marie Gey resided in the same house, and, 1860, the beautiful Leontine from Perleberg. We were looking at some other customers, strangers to us, playing billiards. An exceedingly handsome young fellow, whose Sarmatian descent was apparent at the first glance (even if you had paid no attention to the braid upon his coat) was unfortunate enough to make a marvellously large number of false strokes. Dohrn appeared highly pleased at this, and began again acting the part of whistling virtuoso. At every fresh blunder, Papageno's five-toned melisma escaped from his lips. The object of all this whistling soon turned round upon his self-constituted critic, gave his own name and address, asked, in the most friendly manner, for the name and address of the critic aforesaid, and, after obtaining them, finished the game in due form. Three days afterwards, there was a set-to, with broad-swords, in the Scharnstrasse (in the building of which the under portion is supposed to be at present employed by Herr Krauss, of the Royal Opera-house, as his wine-cellars). At the bloodless conclusion of the affair, the two duellists became good friends, and Constantin Holland, of Breslau, made henceforth the third in our band. Holland, who, like Dohrn, was thoroughly musical, owed a part of his education to old Urban in Elbing. There, in the house of his uncle, the "Stadtmusicus," or Musician to the Municipality, he learned to play all kinds of instruments,* and heard a great deal of good music; in addition to this, he possessed a very agreeable deep tenor voice. Dohrn's *hautcontre* and my baritone completed the trio, and whenever we met, we regularly got through two or more operas or oratorios from alpha to omega. Spohr suffered considerably at our hands! We were especially fond of singing and playing his *Faust*. I generally sat as orchestra at the piano; favourite duets were sung, mostly from memory, by the two others, and even then Holland exhibited great talent for acting, and would never be prevented from giving dramatically the principal scenes from the *Barbiere*. My two friends had no family connections in Berlin; I had, and, of course, so many musical acquaintances that it was easy for me to introduce strangers. But I could do so only with Holland, who, by the way, was most gentlemanly in his bearing and manners. Dohrn was superior to him in scientific education, but always disliked putting on a dress-coat. After he had left me in the lurch two or

* In his *Biographie Universelle*, Fétis speaks of him as a virtuoso on the flute, who afterwards went on the stage. When he was a student at Breslau, he played a flute solo at an Aula Concert, and was praised in the papers. It appears, therefore, that Silesian journals then found their way to Belgium.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

three times, I did not ask him any more. Holland, on the contrary, possessed the talent of rendering himself very soon a favourite everywhere. At that time, there were in Berlin far fewer public, but far more private, concerts than at present. The little tables, on each of which there was room only for a pianoforte score and a light, and of which there used to be at least half-a-dozen, wherever it was customary to give musical *soirées*—these little tables, round which we sat, partly as solo singers, and partly as chorists, and helped to execute entire operas or oratorios—these little tables no longer exist anywhere. They always recur to my mind whenever I meet Gustav Reichardt in the streets of Berlin: the little tables, and the pleasant evenings at the houses of Bloch, Büsching, F. Förster, Friedländer, Hildebrand, Köhler, Kuhlmeier, Parthei, Schleiermacher, Stägemann, and Zimmermann. The good-humoured, merry *candidatus theologiæ* was the *perpetuum movens* of our musical undertakings; generally entire operas were executed with great precision though without fuss. Reichardt had introduced me, and I in my turn introduced my friend Constantin. . . . there was no end to our musical performances. But, with all this, we did not forget that the real object of our coming to reside in the capital was to study, and, by paying frequent visits to the set who met at the Court of Madagascar, an obscure beer-cellar in the Grosse Friedrich-Strasse, we kept up our connection with the University, especially with Holland's countrymen—the Poles—and also with those students who hailed from the same province, Pomerania, as Dohrn. The latter did not abandon me after I completely exchanged law for art; on the 25th July, 1826, the day when my first opera, *Roland's Knappen*, was produced at the Königstädter Theatre, they formed the *claque* in the pit, and would not rest until they had obliged me to come on at the conclusion of the opera. Twenty years later, on my paying a visit to the newly-arrived *Regierungspräsident*—afterwards *Cultusminister*—von Raumer, he reminded me of the warm evening in the Alexanderplatz, when, wedged in between Holland and Dorn, he assisted in representing the enthusiasm of the Berlin public for my masterpiece. In the interim, I had concluded my musical studies under Bernhard Klein, and attained the object of all my wishes: the management of an opera company, beginning in my native town, Königsberg. On the morning of my departure from Berlin (7th March, 1828), I was surprised by a *Ständchen** from my friends. Glasgow, at present director of the High School for young Ladies, at Stettin, had written the verses; Holland, who, like me, left the University for the stage, was the composer. The heading of the MS., which was handed me with great solemnity, ran thus: "Cantata dedicated to Heinz D., Musical Director in Königsberg, on his completing *Die Bettlerin*; words by Ed. Glasgow, *Privat-gelehrte*, Berlin; music by C. Holland, opera singer in Cistrin." (He was to make his first trial on the stage at that town.) The verses concluded with the words: "Du schufst ein Werk voll Harmonie—nimm unsern Dank für deine Müh!" ("Thou hast created a work full of harmony—receive our thanks for thy pains!") and Holland would not let slip the chance of illustrating in a humorous manner the *passum finalem*, thus:—



Besides Glasgow and Holland, the author and musician of the Cantata, Dohrn, Geppert (now dead) the Brothers Kugler (also dead) Lengerich, and Fr. Tietz (the well known *feuilleton* writer) figured as singers. Thus, after being together almost daily for four years, the members of our trio separated never to meet again collectively; each of us has, in his way through life, afterwards met, now and then, one of his two friends, but the three have never since met at the same time.

(To be continued.)

* A *Ständchen* is generally given, under one's windows, in the evening. It is then to be translated a "serenade." What is the correct English rendering when a *Ständchen* is given in the morning, as in the present case, I leave the intelligent reader to determine for himself.—TRANSLATOR.

The Sphinx upon Charles Hallé.

Edipus, you're wanted.

By a vast number of people Mr. Charles Hallé's concerts are looked forward to as one of the few things worth living for—in Manchester. Various elements contribute to their success. In the first place, they have immense merits in themselves; in the second place, fashion has smpered on them; in the third place, the daily press cherishes a kind of superstition in Mr. Charles Hallé. While there are so many good-natured critics constantly perspiring with admiration, we propose to keep our blood below fever heat, by directing our attention rather to the defects of the concerts. It is with pleasure we admit that our notices will necessarily be shorter than those of the other side. And any irritation which we may from time to time display, must be construed into a feeling of almost jealousy, that what might be faultless isn't.

Mr. Charles Hallé is gifted with the first of all qualifications requisite in a pianist—denial of self. He renders the composer with exactness, simplicity, and taste. When Charles Hallé plays, he ceases to be Charles Hallé, and becomes an exquisite instrument. The possession of this gift of self-restraint in such a high degree may exclude the gift of doing justice to all styles. It argues a want of the impulse and quick sympathy which a perfect rendering of music such as Robert Schumann's demands. But for a conscientious and refined reading of the composer, Charles Hallé is unequalled. If you were to hear him only once, you might not feel this, but in the end he gains a complete victory. Young people sometimes prefer a more romantic style, but Charles Hallé appeals to the formed judges who like to go to the source of the stream, and test the pureness of the water for themselves. Charles Hallé's playing leaves the impression of calm and constant sunshine; and if a single murmur can be urged against it, it is that it sometimes leaves that suspicion of languor which even too much fine weather will suggest. Sometimes we get impatient, and would like him to give one good thump on the keys—just as we long for a thunder-storm or a single cloud. Under the leadership of Mr. Hallé, the orchestra has become animated with the same spirit of self-restraint, and has improved accordingly. But even the orchestra sometimes shows a want of all the energy intended by the composer.

One of the greatest mistakes made in these concerts lies in the length of the programmes. It is not entirely Mr. Hallé's fault. When an Englishman goes to a place of amusement, he expects to be entertained from the six o'clock dinner or tea up to bed-time. Now, if a digestible dose of music may be prescribed, we should say, from our experience of Continental concerts, that it must be contained in one hundred minutes. Perhaps nothing has so much tended to corrupt musical taste in England as this habit of giving quantity at the inevitable expense of quality. Who ever heard, out of England, of a monster concert? By the-by, does it mean that the concerts themselves, or the people who go to them, are monsters? But why trouble ourselves with definitions—both views are correct.

Charles Hallé's programmes are signal instances of English greed. They are like nothing so much as an over-laden supper-table, where hardly room is left for your own plate. Who ever enjoyed the most magnificent supper at an evening party, where you are pushed about the room with a spoon in one hand, and the bread part of a once-upon-a-time ham-sandwich in the other? In Mr. Hallé's concerts the pieces follow each other so quickly that we have no room to enjoy them. If you go to a picture-gallery, no matter how many different pictures court your attention, you can always shut your eyes and seek a little rest in conversation. But a succession of musical pieces takes you mercilessly by the ears, and no escape is possible excepting through the door. Let a Commission of Inquiry sit upon the six oldest subscribers, and determine the number of bars which a human being, not being either an English school-girl or an Italian exile, can listen to at one time without injury.—*Manchester Sphinx*.

Moscow.—Mdlle. Artôt achieved a great triumph in *Gli Ugonotti*, being called on no less than twenty-seven times.—On the occasion of his benefit, when *La Muette* was played, M. Dupont, the conductor, received many marks of respect and many presents from his numerous admirers and friends. Among the presents was a watch worth two thousand francs.

LEIPZIG.—Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* has been very successfully produced, though none of the singers, with the exception of Madame Peschka-Lentner, as Helene, did the composer justice.—The programme of the Sixth Gewandhaus Concert included: Suite in Canon form for Stringed Instruments, Grimm; Violin Concerto, Paganini, and "Polonaise," Besekirsky (Herr Besekirsky); Second Symphony in C major, Schumann; Air, "Götter des Herzens," from *Die Vestalin*, Spohr, and songs by Gluck and Schumann (Mdlle. Förster).

TWO FANCIFUL STORIES.

One concerns Mlle. Christine Nilsson, and M. Mahalin tells it in *Les Jolies Actrices de Paris*.

"It is snowing. The skies, all black as they are with night and cold, commence turning gray in the east. After a while the sun rises in the mist. A vague bluish light seems to descend with the snow-flakes. Here and there pines and birches covered with icicles, tremble and moan in the wind. In a sort of ravine are to be seen a few wretched cabins; from the snow-clad roofs, made of bark, ascend blue clouds of smoke; those who look out of the low windows of these cabins behold a flock of ravens on the dazzling white plain.

"We are far from Paris, fifty leagues from Stockholm, in a miserable village of the province of Smaland.

"Let us enter one of these hovels, which seem rather to have been made for wild boars than for men.

"The poor people here live in the same room with their cattle. A miserable stove emits painful sounds, in the middle of the floor. On the ground, in a motley group, lie goats, sheep, and children, stretching their necks wistfully towards a kettle on the hearth. These children are dressed in rags. Under a window in the roof sits the mother spinning. The father, smoking a pipe, sits in a corner of the room. Every now and then are heard from without the merry sounds of jingling sleigh-bells, or the dull noise of a horse galloping past, a sleigh darts past with lightning speed. In the same manner there appears and disappears a fur-cap, fur-robe, a fur-jacket; then the father's voice drowns the noise of the spinning-wheel, the seething kettle on the hearth, and the hissing green-wood on the stove.

"Christina!"

"From the group of children there emerges the shapely head of a very pretty girl, surrounded by a crown of straw-coloured, soft, and silky hair.

"Christina, take your violin and go to the height!"

"In this manner Christina Nilsson entered upon her career as an artist. What a contrast between the highway, on which she once, when a little girl, played the violin, and the magnificent *salon* in which an enthusiastic audience now lavishes applause on the great cantatrice. And yet, not more than ten years have elapsed since her *début*.

"Ten years ago a distinguished Swedish gentleman ascended that height; heard the little peasant girl play the violin; caused her to conduct him to her father, and said to him: 'Nilsson, I want to make you an offer. Your daughter is a talented child. Intrust her to me, and I am sure I can make a great artist of her.'

"Old Nilsson, a sharp clear-headed peasant, knew full well that his daughter possessed extraordinary musical talents; and, inasmuch as the aristocratic stranger gave him several gold pieces, and promised to send more money from time to time, he did not hesitate long; and the little Christina, after bidding farewell to her parents and brothers and sisters, and shedding a few tears, accompanied the gentleman who had promised to make a great artist of her, and had already won her young heart by the great kindness with which he treated her. Two days afterwards Christina reached with him the city of Gothenburg, where a new outfit was bought for her, and where everybody who saw her in her new dress exclaimed, 'What an exceedingly pretty child.' Her protector then took her to a boarding school, where she was so industrious and made such rapid progress that a year afterwards, she could already be sent to Stockholm where she studied music, and where all professors and musicians who heard her sing wondered at her extraordinary talents, and said that at length a worthy successor of Jenny Lind had been found. Upon her first appearance at a public concert, where she sung a few simple national songs, she electrified the whole audience, and elicited the most rapturous applause. Finally, when her professors in Stockholm could no longer teach her anything new, she went to Paris, where Prof. Wartel completed her musical education, and where she soon afterwards achieved such marvellous triumphs on the stage of the Théâtre Lyrique.

"And what a difference there is between that wretched room in the low hovel in the Swedish province of Smaland and the apartments in which the cantatrice now lives!

"Her apartments are on the fourth floor of a large and very fine house in the Rue de Rivoli, and the Tuileries are to be seen from the windows of the *salon*.

"The *salon*, the only place in this sanctuary to which profane persons have as yet gained access, is in white and gold, and its furniture is covered with blue damask. It has only one window, and three doors; that on the right leads to the bed chamber of the mistress, that on the left to the room of the lady of company, and the third communicates with a passage leading to the ante-room.

"The mantle-piece is made of Parian marble, and so beautifully wrought are the bronze ornaments on it that it cannot but delight the eyes of all lovers of the style of Louis the Fifteenth. Against the wall opposite to the window stands a piano; beside it a sofa and a *guéridon*. The piano is loaded with music books; the sofa and *guéridon* are loaded with bouquets.

"The hands of the clock point to midnight.

"Before the piano sits a young lady. Her dress tasteful though simple, reaches up to her throat. Her hand with the shapely, though somewhat long fingers, touches the keys of the instrument, while her eyes wander about the room, and are fixed now on her handsome slippers, now on the window curtains, through which the gas-lights of the Rue de Rivoli are seen.

"She is absorbed in deep reflections; she seems to listen to something in her past. Does she not, perhaps, think of the immortal masters to whose compositions she has just given expression.

"No, she calls to mind the days of her childhood; she hears again those words which speak more impressively to her heart and soul than the music of Mozart:

"Christina, take your violin and go to the height!"

The second story tells of Miss Minnie Hauck, and for it the *New York Herald* is responsible:—

"Minnie Hauck, who seems destined to take the place of Patti, was, a year or two ago, a poor little girl living in a garret in Stanton Street, unknown and little dreaming of the future before her. Her parents were poor, and her father a mechanic. Her parents were residing in New Orleans during the war, when a lady of wealth and musical taste there, hearing Minnie sing, was so struck with her voice that she kindly undertook to give the child lessons. After the family returned to New York, and while living in Stanton Street, some one passing the house heard the young girl singing, and mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Jackson, a music-teacher and organist at Christ Church, in this city. It so happened that the congregation of Christ Church wanted at that time a soprano voice for the choir. Miss Hauck was requested to go to the church to let the congregation judge of her vocal ability. The result was, she was engaged immediately, and the poor girl, in her delight at such unexpected good fortune and at the prospect of being able to help her parents in their struggle for a living, exclaimed fondly, 'Now, father, we shall be able to get along!' The organist was delighted with her, and did all he could to improve her musical education. Subsequently she took lessons from Italian singing-masters, and then, step by step, from the church choir to the concert-room, and from there to the opera, she acquired the reputation which has placed her in the front position as a *prima donna*."

Of both narrations it may be said "Se non é vero, é ben trovato."

BENNETT'S "WOMAN OF SAMARIA."

We are glad to observe that this latest production of our distinguished countryman is making its way into public favour. A few weeks ago it was performed by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, under Mr. Benedict. Last week Mr. Charles Hallé made it known to his Manchester audience, and next week, we are specially glad to observe, the cantata will form part of the National Choral Society's opening programme. *Apropos* of its Manchester performance, we take the following from a local paper:—

"The programme included Professor Bennett's sacred cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*, supported by Madame Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Thomas, as principal vocalists. Having yesterday referred at some length to the design and character of the cantata, we may at once state our favourable impression was more than confirmed by last night's performance. To appreciate the essential beauties of a work of this kind, more than superficial acquaintance must be granted; but even this is sufficient to prove the great merits of the new cantata. It is pre-eminently a suggestive composition, appealing not merely to the cultivated intellect, but aiming also, in spirit and treatment, to excite feelings in harmony with its lofty theme. The instrumental introduction was admirably played, and the well-known subject of the opening soprano chorus, 'Luther's Hymn,' at once excited the attention of the audience. The choruses were, generally, well sung, and none more so than the lovely 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel,' and the picturesquely beautiful, 'Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Zion.' Others also claim notice both for composition and performance, but we hope to have further opportunity of calling attention to them. Mr. Hallé deserves the thanks of the public for introducing this interesting work, and may be congratulated on so efficient a performance."

The soloists are not uniformly praised by the critics, but Mr. Lewis Thomas appears to have pleased all round.

RATHER TARDY ADVICE—"Better late than never" is a good axiom, but, like every other earthly thing, it has its limits, which are slightly overstepped in No. 8 of this year's series of the German musical paper *Euterpe*. At page 168, the writer of the article on the *Landorganist*, by Robert Führer, remarks: "His compositions are light and pleasing, and this fact is partly the reason why, though they are generally deficient in anything like serious purport, they are preferred to most of the better works of their kind in town churches and in country churches. At the present day, however, a by no means inconsiderable spirit of opposition has sprung up against this sort of sacred music, 'light' in a double sense; from several quarters people are pressing vigorously towards something more serious, more dignified, and more noble, and the time is probably not far distant, when" (*sic*) "Robert Führer must make up his mind either to produce something of more sterling quality, which he could well do, or to see his star pale." But Robert Führer died on the 28th November, 1861, and is, therefore, unfortunately unable to follow the advice so kindly tendered him.

ROSSINI'S FUNERAL.

The following account of the mournful ceremonial of Saturday last is from an eye-witness:—

The funeral of Rossini was solemnized this day. It was at first intended that the religious service should be celebrated at the Madeleine, but, in consequence of a ceremony having been previously fixed for the same hour, that arrangement was changed and the service was performed in the new Church of the Trinity, at the end of the Chaussée d'Antin. Special invitations had been sent out, with the usual addition that the deceased had received the sacraments of the Church. Twelve o'clock was the hour appointed, but the crowd began to arrive at 10, and soon filled all the approaches to the church so densely that, but for the intervention of numerous *sergens-de-ville*, it would have been impossible for those who had tickets to enter. The great gate was hung in black; and in the interior a catafalque stood in the centre of the nave, facing the high altar. The galleries were reserved for ladies, and the whole attendance could not have been less than four thousand. A little after twelve the rolling of muffled drums announced the approach of the hearse, which was followed from the Madeleine, where the body had been temporarily deposited, by the deputation from Pesaro and the intimate friends of Rossini. While the coffin was taken from the hearse and laid in the catafalque, the great organ played the "Ténébres," from the *Semiramide*. The mass opened with a chorus of Jomelli, executed by the pupils of the Conservatoire and the vocal celebrities of Paris. The *morceau* selected for the occasion were in the following order:—The "Dies Iræ"—the solos performed by Mesdames Nilsson and Block, and MM. Gardoni and Tamburini. The "Liber Scriptus," adapted to the music of the "Quis est Homo?" of the *Stabat*—Rossini's *Stabat*—sung by Alboni and Patti. The "Lacrymosa" of Mozart's *Requiem*, by the choir. At the offertory, "Vidit Suum," from the *Stabat* of Pergolesi, by Mlle. Nilsson. At the Elevation, "Pie Jesu," adapted to the *quatuor* "Quando Corpus" of Rossini's *Stabat*, by Mesdames Krauss, Grossi, and MM. Nicolini and Agnesi. The "Agnus Dei," adapted to the *Prière de Moïse* (Rossini), *sole soprane* by Alboni and Patti; and the bass solos by MM. Bonneau, Cama, and Belvel; and the "Pro Peccatis" from Rossini's *Stabat*, was sung by M. Faure. Nothing could give an idea of the impression produced on the assembly by such music, interpreted by such artists. The *duo* of the *Stabat* by Alboni and Patti was given with such deep pathos that several persons could not help melting in tears. Never did Alboni—the illustrious pupil of so illustrious a master—sing with more beauty and more effect.

It was past 2 o'clock when the service was over. The *cortège* formed after a good deal of delay, owing to the crowd in front of the church. It proceeded slowly up the Chaussée d'Antin, the windows of the houses on both sides being filled with spectators, and issued out on the Boulevards. The pall-bearers were M. Nigra, the Italian Minister; M. Cerutti, Consul-General of Italy; M. Camille Doucet, head of the Administration of the Theatres; and M. Ambroise Thomas, the composer of *Hamlet*. The Emperor was represented by M. de la Ferrière, one of his Chamberlains, who followed in one of the Court carriages. M. Vaillant, Minister of the Imperial Household and of the department of Fine Arts, was also present. Indeed, the list of celebrities in all departments who paid their last tribute to Rossini would fill a column. The deputation from Pesaro preceded all the musical corporations in the procession. On the coffin was deposited a crown formed of laurel and gold. It was past four when the *cortège* reached the cemetery, where, after the remains were laid in the ground, discourses were pronounced by M. Mamiani in the name of the Italian deputation, and by MM. Camille Doucet, Ambroise Thomas, St. George, and others.

Another spectator dwells more particularly upon what took place in the church. He says:—

The interior of the church is magnificent, with great space, unadorned architectural beauty, some of the best painted windows in Paris, and splendid organs. The centre of the building, from the door to the altar, was kept by two files of the 51st of the Line, who, being in heavy marching order, knapsacks, &c., took up a great deal of space, and also at times interfered with the harmony of the service by "grounding arms," "presenting arms," and "kneeling" at "words of command," which, by chance, were always given in a loud voice in the midst of a solo. Ladies were sent to lateral chapels, the body of the church being reserved for the men. The doors were—very unnecessarily—kept closed till eleven. It was a cold, nay, a bitter day, and a long train of ladies, many in *demi-toilet*, were kept perishing for hours. Five minutes after eleven there was not a seat, in twenty minutes there was not standing room. I should say there were present at least 4,500 people. There was no ornament, nor were men forced to go in evening dress and mourning, which would have made the scene more striking. I shall make no attempt to tell you who were present. It is shorter to say that every celebrity in France was there. The

Emperor was represented by Vicomte de Laferrière, in his uniform as First Chamberlain; Cavaliere Nigra, and all the Italian Embassy, were there in full uniform, and all their "orders" to represent Italy. Auber was there—Ambroise Thomas—the "Institut," the "Académie," the Italian "Delegate"—all the art and science, and most of the beauty of Paris. I have never in France seen in one assembly so many pretty faces. The chorus, which was very fine, and included voices rarely heard in chorus, was at the extreme end of the church; the solo singers over the entrance. The music was admirable.

It is a very long time since, if ever, I heard anything so splendid as the music. Every singer seemed inspired. Nilsson—who had sung *Hamlet* on Friday night—was wonderful; but of course the duet between Alboni and Patti was the gem; and the grand, round, melodious voice of Alboni never came forth in greater majesty. The effect was electric, and scores of women and men were weeping. Madame Alboni was very much affected, and wept before she began the favourite air of her old friend. Gardoni, too, was in grand voice. "That's Gardoni!" said a friend of mine who had not heard him for years, and to-day could not see him. In a word, all sang splendidly. The ceremony was in itself nothing. A coffin, absolutely covered with medals and crosses, Parma violets—Rossini's favourite flower—and wreaths of ivy, was carried into the church before the mass; and, after it, was taken with great pomp to Père la Chaise. All Paris lined the road to the last resting-place of the "Swan of Pesaro," and then all was over. And so was celebrated, far from the land of his birth, the funeral of the greatest composer of the day. His own splendid melody was splendidly sung over his grave, and he may be said to have been wafted away in a cloud of his own harmony. *Requiescat in Pace!*

In our next number we hope to complete this record by giving translations of the speeches delivered by M. Ambroise Thomas and others over the grave of the illustrious deceased.

TO ROSSINI.

(From the "Kölnische Zeitung.")

And so you have left us, poor dear Maestro, you, so fond of life, and so spoilt! gone from your joyous world of Paris, of which you had taken possession, just as, in the good old times, a prince took possession of his inheritance. You have been snatched from so many that it is not astonishing if each individual is less painfully affected at your decease than he otherwise would have been—for men like to have even their own special sorrow. There is scarcely one newspaper reader in the whole civilized world, who, on seeing the report of your death, will not have exclaimed: Oh! how sorry I am!

The world does not like to render any one famous, but if a man, despite all obstacles, no matter what, has fought his way upward, and made his name a name of note, the world looks with a certain feeling of satisfaction on him. If, however, as was your case, the combat occurred so long ago as to belong to history, if a man requires scarcely anything more from the Present, neither attention, nor recompense for new creations, nor marks of distinction for himself personally, or for his works, more honours are showered upon him than he can well bear. How many generations received your name as a word forming part and parcel of their mother-tongue, and admired you, before they had a notion of what your productions were. And then they became acquainted with the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, who for the last half-century has been not merely the "factotum della città" but of all the opera-houses in the world. While, too, they were delighted with the melodies with which their fathers had grown up, they heard that the creator of those melodies was still alive and merry—that he had a friendly welcome for all who sought him out; that he launched forth the most admirable and the most humorous repartees, and in his uncommon position, did not wish to be anything more (what people *call* more) or anything else than a musician. The world grew enthusiastic for such a being—and rightly—for he was amiable and extraordinary.

In the whole history of art is there a career like yours, cherished Maestro? I doubt it. We find, it is true, geniuses who, like you, required only a few years to declare themselves—but their last works filled up their last days. Or they were men who, up to the most advanced age, were as insatiable in producing as the most fanatic martyr is in suffering. But you gave hardly twenty years of your existence to musical art, while you gave about forty to the art of life. Twenty years of sharp struggles and fabulous success—and then you hid yourself from the sun of your own genius, and

allowed the days to glide by in the pleasant shade of your fame. Your art became for you a merry joke; you acted towards it as a man does with his little grandchild, as the hospitable rich do with good society. Some esteemed, and others blamed you for this line of conduct, but no one was able to explain it, and you probably never disclosed the real motive of it. As a prudent conqueror in the realm of tune, you did not wish, said your friends, to imperil by fresh hostilities the crown you owed to your former victories. Perhaps this was so! but it is not likely! I am afraid that you drank too deeply of the spring called popular favour—and you could not escape a little feeling of seediness.

But I am far from presuming to say that I have penetrated your motive. The most unimportant man is so complicated a machine that the Eternal machine-manufacturer alone can understand its inward machinery. Who, then, could comprehend so wonderfully organized a being as you were. What contradictions were united in you! The old Italian joy at the Beautiful, and the scepticism of the eighteenth century; the desire for the most exquisite enjoyments life affords, and the simplicity of a child of the people; the most cordial *bonhomie* and the most wanton love of raillery. But the Graces were your constant companions; they encompassed everything you did, and, most loveable of all the daughters of heaven, surround their favourites with a brightness more pleasing than the halo of the saints.

The history of civilization will have to record the almost mythical state of intoxication in which your songs plunged men, while the history of music more especially will have to speak of your genius, as well as of the direction it took and the influence it exercised; the journals of the day will, for the hundredth time, collect the names of your works with the dates of their production and the success they achieved, and will, one and all, not fail to indulge in æsthetical dissertations. I have no intention of this kind, as I jot down these hasty lines. I would speak only of the gap which your demise leaves among us. Or does Paris, great and rich as she is, contain another spot like your little bedroom, with its pianino, and its piles of music heaped one upon the other, and its cosy state of disorder? A spot where an artist found, at almost every hour of the day, the most hearty welcome, and the most charming chit-chat, and the most interesting people, and sympathy devoid of the slightest hypocrisy? Or a man on whom a visitor never intruded, for you had always time, and were always good-humoured, merely requiring, for all the intellectual enjoyment you afforded, that your visitor should take his seat now and then as a guest at your table. And when, in addition to the benefits which, in the strictest sense of the word, were offered to thousands, is added the recollection, ever present, of the kind and friendly feeling you manifested towards me as a boy, and retained towards me, as a youth and a man, for a long series of years, I may well be allowed to yield to the want I experience of giving utterance to sentiments of the deepest gratitude.

Farewell, then, beloved Maestro! If the number of delights in store for you on the other side the grave is equal to the happy hours you have afforded millions of men upon earth, an eternity of bliss will be yours. FERNANDO.

[For Fernando read Ferdinand Hiller. The apostrophe is worthy him who made it, and him to him it is addressed.—ED.]

HAMBURG.—*Mignon*, by M. Ambroise Thomas, has been produced with only moderate success.—First Quartet Entertainment of Herren Lee and Boie: Quartet in B flat major (Op. 18), Beethoven; Quartet in F minor, Volkmann; and Quintet in C major, Schubert.—*Soirée Musicale*, given by Herren Brahms and Stockhausen: Recitative and Song from *Susanna*, Handel; Prelude, Bach; Sonata in C minor, Op. 111 Beethoven; Duet for Alto and Baritone, Op. 28, Brahms; *Die Löwenbraut*, Schumann; Adagio (unpublished), Schubert; "Ungarische Weisen," Brahms, &c.—First Subscription Concert of the Cecilia Association: *Requiem*, Cherubini; Symphony, D major, Haydn; "Chorlieder," Dowland, Brahms, Radecke, Schumann, and Mendelssohn.—Concert given by Herr Reinecke: Trio, B flat major, Op. 97, Beethoven; "Nocturno," Chopin; "Impromptu, G. rlitt," "Am Springbrunnen," and "Fantasiestücke" for the Pianoforte and Violin, Schumann; Variations on a theme from Bach, and Ballad, Reinecke; and Salterello, Heller.—Concert of the Bach Society: Cantata Für jede Zeit, Bach; Fugue upon "Bach," Schumann; chorus, "Ehre sei Dir, Christe," Schütz; "Adventalied," Stobäus; and Prelude and Fugue, F minor, Handel.

Odd Thoughts.

La Presse Musicale, having to name a popular London weekly, calls it "The Queen, The Lady's Nema-paper."

Madame Carvalho, the original Marguerite, having been engaged at the Grand Opéra, Mdle. Nilsson, also a Marguerite, sent the following letter to the management:—

"SIR,—The engagement of Madame Carvalho, beginning just as the rehearsals of *Faust* were about to commence, dictates to me the natural duty of restoring to her the character of Marguerite, which she has acted with such great success. I the more owe this homage to the celebrated singer, as I made my first appearance on the French stage by her side, and received a welcome which I can never forget. Glad, therefore, in these circumstances, to be able to show my respect for the eminent talent of Madame Carvalho, I place myself at your immediate disposal for any other of the characters included in my engagement."

We put this among our "Odd Thoughts," because it is undeniably very odd. Does the fair and graceful Swede mean to reform the moral code of the greenroom, which may be summed up as "Everyone for himself, and (with a paraphrase) bad luck to the hindmost."

DEAR PUNCH,—Do you want to know how to become a Prime Minister? If so, read and digest: Go first on one side and then on the other, turn round and round until you are Dizzy.—Yours ever,

To Job Punch, Esq.

CAPER O'CORBY.

We are told how Signor Verdi has suggested the joint production of a requiem by the Italian composers in honour of Rossini, the work to be kept sealed up and only opened for performance at each anniversary of the illustrious master's death. We fancy the precaution to be needless. Written by the present generation of Italian musicians nobody is likely to violate the sanctity of the composition.

The Paris correspondent of the *Star* told us that Lord Lyons was present at Rossini's funeral; which report "amused" his more famous brother of the *Telegraph*. The latter assures us that Lord Lyons was busy slaughtering game at Compiègne along with the Emperor and the Prince of Wales. He also sends information as to the number falling to each gun, and what the Prince of Wales said about the whole affair. This we pass to enquire whether our Ambassador has not reason to pray for salvation from his friends.

Here is an odd sentence from a transatlantic journal:—"Fac ut portem" was sung in the warm contralto, and pure style and feeling of Mrs. Carey." What can be meant by Mrs. Carey's warm contralto?

Another choice bit of American musical journalism is the following:—

"Miss Kellogg's solos were directed by Signor Giorza, who, being an Italian and a stranger, struggled manfully with the German element, which struggled back with equal manfulness, producing a 'musical muss' of the most disgraceful kind. It is true, they acted upon the pure Samaritan principle—Giorza being a stranger, they took him in—with a vengeance."

Watson's Art Journal speaks about Offenbach in its high-faluting style, as thus:—

"Whatever taste there is for the pure and beautiful in music, has been of too slow a growth, and has struggled through too many difficulties, to be troubled by the sweep of this vagrant breeze over the calm surface of its deep love. No; Offenbach may patter and clatter, but his time, as compared to that of the Prophets in the Art, is but as a moment to eternity."

Our contemporary also tells us that Offenbach has "a special talent for musical tailoring of light summer garments." Our contemporary is not less truthful than fanciful.

DRESDEN.—According to the German papers, the King of Saxony grants an annual subvention of 150,000 thalers to the Theatre Royal, an immense sum, considering that is the fourth of his civil list, which amounts to only 600,000 thalers a year.

ROTTERDAM.—At the first concert of the Society for the Promotion of Musical Art, Schumann's "Faustmusik" was performed. The solos were sung by Herren Stockhausen, Schneider, Bletzacker, Medames Wegring and Gryps.

NUREMBERG.—Concert for the benefit of the Hans Sachs Monument: Overture to *Oberon*, Weber; Fifth Pianoforte Concerto, in E flat major, Beethoven; Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Bach; Fantasia in A minor, Mozart; "Römischer Triumphgesang," Bruch; "Polonaise" in E major, Liszt; March and Chorus from *Tannhäuser*, Wagner.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRD CONCERT OF THE ELEVENTH SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1868,

To commence at Eight o'clock.

Programme.

PART I.

OTTET, in F, Op. 118, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contrabass,
Clarinet, French Horn, and Bass on—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, HENRY
BLAGROVE, PIATTI, RAYN LEO, L. ZARUS, WESTLAND, and WOOTTON *Schubert.*
SONG, "Dalla sua pace"—Mr. VERNON RIGBY *Mozart.*
SONATA, in A flat, Op. 39, for Pianoforte alone—Herr PAUER... .. *Beber.*

PART II.

ANDANTE and RONDO, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (first
time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Signor PIATTI *Molique.*
SONG, "Through the night my songs adore thee" *Schubert.*
SONG, "Devotion" *Schumann.*

Mr. VERNON RIGBY.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 54, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and
Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI *Haydn.*

CONDUCTOR - - - - - Mr. BENEDICT.

S. 4, Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of Austin, 28, Piccadilly;
Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Chapsdale; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.
N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly
Place only.

Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy FLORENDO de
MACEDONE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiclus, Empereur de Constan-
tinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angenin. A perfect copy of this
extremely rare Romance to be sold for FORTY GUINEAS.
Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 214, Regent Street, W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHONO.—Sound the "r" certainly.

DEATH.

On the 22nd inst., at 33, Gaisford Street, Kentish Town, AGNES
HARRISON, mother of the late William H. Harrison, aged 87 years.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in
time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore
receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this
change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent
not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion
in the current number.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive
four extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency
may suggest.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 214, Regent Street, corner of Little
Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as
Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on
delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1868.

ROSSINI ON MELODY AND MORALITY.

BEING dead he yet speaketh. Here is a clause in the will of
the great master who has just gone from us:—

"I desire that after my death, and that of my wife, two prizes, each of
a hundred and twenty pounds, be given in Paris, and to Frenchmen
alone—one to the author of a musical composition, religious or lyrical,
in which melody, now so much neglected, shall be chiefly considered;
the other to the author of the words for this composition, in which the
laws of morality, which writers do not always sufficiently consider,
must be respected. These productions to be submitted to a special
commission taken from the Academy of Fine Arts, which shall judge

who is worthy of the Rossini prize which, after the performance of the
piece, either at the Institute or the Conservatoire, shall be publicly de-
creed. I wish to leave to France, which has received me so hospitably,
this proof of my gratitude and of my desire to see brought to perfection
that art to which I have devoted my life. ROSSINI."

There is more in this bequest than the bequest itself. It em-
bodies a protest which, weighty at any time coming from Rossini,
is made far more powerful by attendant circumstances. Taking
with him to the very gates of death an absorbing anxiety for his
beloved art, the master's voice is last heard in warning against two
formidable evils. Melody, he tells us, is neglected, and morality
despised. The master is right.

That Rossini should champion melody is natural enough. Above
all things he was a tune-maker—perhaps it would be more correct
to say a tune-medium not having the trouble of creation. To
him melody was music; the devices of harmony but the dress
which enhanced its beauty. From *Tancredi* to *Guillaume Tell* he
consistently preached this faith, and has left behind him a wealth
of tune not to be overvalued by the wildest estimate. Unhappily
for Rossini, he lived long enough to see the world grow contemp-
tuous of his favourite creed. Yet not so; the world is as ready as
ever it was to honour the tune-maker. We should have said the
composers of Rossini's later years grew heedless of his precept and
example. A new school has arisen, the disciples of which have for
Shibboleth such words as "profundity" and "intellectuality;"
they talk largely of ideas and are ever searching for or trying to
embody hidden meanings. The result is confusion, or worse—
chaos. We are told that a muddy torrent of technicalities, of
violent contrasts, and of blatant noises, is music, and a great many
of us believing opaqueness to betoken depth, exclaim about it
accordingly. Those who do so are hardly equal in wisdom to the
composers whom they admire. There is a certain fish which can
hide itself by dirtying the surrounding water, and the "intellec-
tual" musicians of our day are clearly open to the suspicion of a
like device. They have no tune, that is to say, no real musical
ideas, and they try to conceal the fact by means of mystical utter-
ances which, being unintelligible, may mean anything or nothing.
Rossini's instinct must early have warned him of the danger to
music arising from this, and one of his latest acts was to put upon
record, in a practical and abiding form, his protest against it,
doing so, as he expressly states, out of regard for the art to which
his life was devoted. What the result will be nobody can tell.
Immediate result there is likely to be none. The "intellectual"
musicians of modern Germany, chiefs of the school to which they
belong, will smile at the old man's words, and go on pouring forth
confused sounds after their wont. Our hope is that the educated
public will take the matter up, and demand tune as the firstly,
secondly, and thirdly of music. Mere trickery has been worshipped
long enough. We have had enough of artificial effects, and a
change to the simple and natural is seriously needed. The ladies
are beginning to copy their grandmothers in the matter of hair-
powder. Would that composers thought it well to imitate Papa
Haydn in the matter of tune.

But Rossini pleads for morality not less than for melody. As
one loving and reverencing his art, he must long have grieved over
the public and acknowledged association of music with indecency
and filth. He lived to see the day when the most successful lyrical
productions are allied to unblushing shamelessness of words and
action. What marvel that his latest utterance should be a protest
against so deep a degradation. We fear it would be vain to hope
that either M. Offenbach's book-makers, or the public for whom
they cater, will be much affected in consequence. The former will
go on writing and the latter applauding the choice effusions be-
loved by the popular composer—save the mark—of our day.

Nevertheless, Rossini's protest stands an honour to himself and an enduring example to all who have the well-being of music at heart.

HERR LIEBICH has again written to us on the subject of certain articles which not long since were published in the Brighton papers. His anxiety to exonerate himself from the charge of being their author is so great that, although no such charge was ever preferred against him by us, we shall allow him to state his case in our columns.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

8, Powis Grove, Brighton, Nov. 24th, 1868.

SIR,—A short time ago I took the liberty of requesting you to insert in the *Musical World* a letter, containing on my part the assurance that I was not in any way connected with criticisms and other articles which have appeared in the Brighton papers on ———'s last Brighton Recital. You declined the publication of that letter and intimated in strong terms that I felt guilty of participation in those articles. At the same time you suggested my writing to the Editors of those Brighton papers in which those articles had appeared. As a last resource to clear myself from the imputation of the authorship, I have applied to the Editors, viz. *Brighton Gazette*, *Guardian* and *Herald* but I am still without reply.

The *Guardian* Editor told me that he must decline to comply with my request and I made him at least promise me to write to me to that effect. As soon as I can I shall call upon the other Editors and see what can be done.

It is to me, a mere beginner in the musical world, of the greatest importance to keep free from anything dishonourable. To write unjust and disagreeable articles behind one's back and put the authorship on some one else is in my eyes dishonourable.

I have, in my really great anxiety to convince you that I had not any connection with those articles consulted Mr. ——— and he advised me to explain to you how matters stood. I am quite aware that the Brighton Editors are under the influence of some one who has used me badly and who is stronger than I am, but I am also of opinion that there are means in your hands rather than in mine to clear me. You will certainly not benefit from the discovery that I did not write articles on any of ———'s Recitals but at the same time I am convinced that your sense of justice will not allow me to suffer unjustly in so bad a cause.

This explanation I wished to give you next Saturday personally, but I wanted to request you to insert the enclosed advertisement and to say a few words in a little paragraph. This latter favour I can only expect after having given you satisfactory evidence of my total innocence. Will you not believe my repeated assurances that I neither attended the Recital in question nor wrote altogether after it anything on ———?

It is very painful to me to be deprived of all means of real proof, but I am quite confident that, if such proof is wanting now, some future time will give me an opportunity of convincing you of my straightforwardness.

From the advertisement you will see that my Concert is by far greater than any given before here and had I been able to make any arrangements about it months or weeks ago I should have tried before to explain to you everything personally. I had to decide very rapidly.

Trusting this will exculpate me in your eyes, believe me, yours most obediently,
I. LIEBICH.

P.S.—May I trouble you for an immediate reply?

We are by no means surprised at Herr Liebich's anxiety to be relieved from the suspicion of being the author of articles clearly libellous, and, worse still, of aiding and abetting in a conspiracy. But, on the other hand, if he has not forgotten a critique upon a recital given at Brighton last summer by a celebrated foreign virtuoso, signed with his own name in full—"Immanuel Liebich"—he, in turn, can hardly feel surprised that a degree of suspicion should attach to him in the present instance, seeing that the critique to which we refer contained the germ of the very articles which he is desirous of repudiating, and which have been circulated anonymously in every quarter.

P.S.—Since the foregoing was in type, we have received another letter from Herr Liebich, together with an enclosure. Here are both:—

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

8, Powis Grove, Brighton, November, 25th, 1868.

SIR,—The Editor of the *Brighton Herald* has just sent me the enclosed note, and I hasten to put it into your hands. In respect of the

other papers I think I shall put an advertisement in them, disclaiming in that form every connection with the article in question.—Yours obediently,
I. LIEBICH.

Herald Office, November 25th, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—No criticism on ——— has ever been contributed by you to the columns of the *Brighton Herald*.—Believe me, yours truly,
Herr Liebich.
CHAS. FLEET.

While taking Herr Liebich at his word, we must, nevertheless, decline to insert the advertisement or to write "the little paragraph" about his concert.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Meyerbeer's pastoral, *Dinorah*, perhaps the most finished, certainly the most spontaneous of his contributions to the lyric stage, was revived on Saturday night. Remembering the extraordinary impression created some two years since by Mdle. Ilma de Murska as the half-demented heroine, we cannot be surprised that this opera should have been included in her present series of performances. Mdle. de Murska's *Dinorah* is in all its salient characteristics precisely what it was before, while, with regard to simple matters of detail, it shows what persevering study can effect where the artist, not willing to stand still, is bent upon approaching nearer and nearer to the desired perfection. On no occasion has she played the character with more dramatic force, or sung the music with more admirably sustained expression and "finesse," than on Saturday night, and on no occasion have her efforts met with heartier recognition. Not to go over the old ground in describing scene after scene—and *Dinorah*, it need hardly be stated, is seldom off the stage—we may single out the famous address to the "Shadow" (Act II.), as a masterpiece of piquant acting, and singing no less brilliant than effective. Of Mr. Santley's Hoel not another word need be said beyond the reiteration of a worn-out phrase—that no other such Hoel has been seen and heard, M. Faure not excepted, either on the French or the Italian boards. Signor Bettini is the best Corentin, Signor Gardoni alone excepted (and Corentin was Signor Gardoni's character "par excellence"), we can call to mind. Thus the three principal parts were admirably filled; and—with the co-operation of the new contralto, Mdle. Scalchi, who, in the song with chorus of the goat-herd, composed by Meyerbeer expressly for the late Madame Nantier Didier, when *Dinorah* (in 1859) was first brought out at Covent Garden, exhibited a voice from which great things may be fairly expected, Mdles. Rose Hersee and Bauermeister, to whom were entrusted the solo parts in the introduction of Act I., Signor Tagliafico, Mr. C. Lyall, and Mdle. Sandrina, who, as well as Mdle. Hersee, took part in the idyll which commences Act III., and from which, with an artist so thoroughly capable of doing it justice as Mr. Lyall, the omission of the "Song of the Reaper" seems unaccountable—the delicious music of Meyerbeer, in so far as the vocal part of it is concerned, has never been better given. On the other side of the lamps, the orchestra, conducted with his usual care and ability by Signor Ardit, was irreproachable throughout—the overture being played with marvellous spirit and all the delicate and ingenious accompaniments to a wish. The audience, delighted from beginning to end, besides encoring Mr. Santley in the melodious and expressive romance of the last act, called for Mdle. de Murska after every scene in which *Dinorah* is conspicuous.

No "short winter season" ever undertaken by Mr. Mapleson has been conducted with more energy than this. Besides the operas already noticed, we have had the *Trovatore*, *Faust*, *Norma*, the *Huguenots*, *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, *Linda di Chamouni*, and *Il Flauto Magico*—all familiar features in his now extensive and well varied repertory. In *Faust*, as Margherita, and in *Don Giovanni*, as Zerlina, the young American singer, Miss Minnie Hauck, has made good her position and fully maintained the promise of her debut; Mdle. Tietjens has, as usual, been "Protean," excelling alike in German, French, and Italian opera; the well-remembered Herr Formes was right welcome as Leporello, a character in which, as our musical readers will not have forgotten, he used to be peerless; Mr. Santley has been of infinite service in almost every opera produced; Mdle. Sinico has continued to exhibit the versatility of talent for which she has long been famous; and Mdle. de

Murska, by her wonderful execution of the exceptionally difficult songs of the "Queen of Night," in *Il Flauto Magico*, has renewed the old enthusiasm. Signor Mongini, after singing better than he ever previously sang in England, improvement in style being accompanied by voice rather strengthened than impaired, has left to fulfil some Continental engagements; and Madame Trebelli-Bettini, whose singing stood in no need of improvement, has also quitted London for St. Petersburg, where she is engaged for the winter.

Il Flauto was repeated on Monday night; *Le Nozze di Figaro* (of which, more next week) was played for the first time on Tuesday; *Il Flauto* was again produced on Wednesday afternoon; and on Thursday night we had *Dinorah*.

To-night *Il Flauto*; and on Monday (last night of the season) a miscellaneous entertainment.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The programme of the second concert (on Monday last) was as follows:—

PART I.

Trio, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello	...	Beethoven.
Song, "Ave Maria," Miss Edith Wynne	...	Schubert.
Sonata, in G, violin, pianoforte accompaniment	...	Porpora.
Sonata, in F, No. 18, pianoforte alone	...	Mozart.

PART II.

Fragments of unfinished quartet—strings	...	Mendelssohn
Song, "I know a song," Miss Edith Wynne	...	Benedict.
Septet, in D minor, pianoforte, flute, oboe, horn, viola, violoncello, and contra bass	...	Hummel.

Hummel's septet is not only the finest show-piece of its very industrious composer, but one of the finest show-pieces ever written in which the pianoforte has a leading part. That it was safe in the hands of so good a musician and practised a pianist as Herr Ernst Pauer, backed as he was by six such skilled performers on the other instruments as Messrs. Radcliffe, Barret, Wentland, Henry Blagrove, Reynolds, and Piatti, we need scarcely add; nor is it necessary to describe the satisfaction with which the entire work was listened to by the audience, who applauded each movement as became them. Porpora's violin sonata (introduced for the first time), is interesting as a specimen of a master who was the great Joseph Haydn's first instructor. The finest of the four movements into which it is divided is the third, an animated and ingeniously developed *fuga*. The concluding *aria* is pretty, but the rest is somewhat dry. The whole is full of those "trills" for which Porpora was notoriously famous, and with which, on a special occasion, a certain Emperor of Austria was so mightily diverted at Vienna (where Porpora habitually resided). The sonata was superbly played by M. Sainton, from end to end, and the distinguished Toulousian fiddler was recalled to the platform at the conclusion with applause the hearty unanimity of which showed how welcome to all was his re-appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts. M. Sainton's execution of the *fuga*, which is very difficult, reminded us, by its well sustained vigour, of Joseph Joachim. The pianoforte accompaniment played (how we need not say) by Mr. Benedict, is not the composition of Porpora, but of M. Ferdinand David, of Leipsic, one of the quorum who have dealt out with such grudging parsimony the eagerly sought *reliquie* of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Mozart's Sonata in F is one of the most masterly and beautiful compositions dedicated by that wonderful genius to the pianoforte, or, as in his time it was called, the "clavecin." The first movement is a prodigy of contrivance, replete with that counterpoint in which Mozart was wont to revel, and which seemed, indeed, almost to be his natural language. The *andante* (in B flat) is one unbroken chain of lengthened sweetness—all melody, divine melody. The final *rondo* is as unpretending and charming as anything of its kind in existence. This *rondo* was composed two years earlier than the other movements; and there is no known authority for Mozart's having ever himself combined the three movements in a sonata. In this form, however, have they been published and performed for more than half a century. Herr Pauer deserves no less credit for his taste in selecting such a work than for the careful steadiness with which he played it from beginning to end.

The *andante* and *scherzo* from Mendelssohn's unfinished posthumous quartet are provoking. That so original and beautiful a half should be in want of its other half, which might (though that is difficult) have been even its better half, is enough to make musicians weep. The *scherzo* is as genuine a bit of Mendelssohn as anything of his with which we are acquainted. The two movements were admirably executed by M. Sainton, Herr Ries, Mr. Blagrove, and Sig. Piatti, and the *scherzo* was encored and repeated. The glorious Trio of Beethoven, perhaps the finer of the two (Op. 70), though that is hard to decide, should have been mentioned first, seeing that it came first in the programme; but the truth is, there was nothing to say about it except that it is glorious, and pleased, as it always pleases and always must please when played well—as it was played on Monday night by MM. Pauer, Sainton, and Piatti.

Miss Edith Wynne gave both her songs with true expression. Of the "Ave Maria," of Schubert (Walter Scott's words), we need say nothing. The new ballad of Mr. Benedict, "I know a song," is in its way a gem, and received a hearty encore, the fair artist repeating it entirely.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the concert on Saturday afternoon the chief feature was an unknown Symphony of Schubert—No. 6, in C major—for the first production of which in England (and it has been played nowhere else) we are indebted to the spirit of research which induced the Crystal Palace directors to send one of their most valued servants to Vienna, in order to examine the MSS. of the now universally-sought Viennese composer, and obtain possession of whatever seemed most interesting. Each piece from the rich unpublished collection that Mr. Grove was fortunate enough to procure has turned out a real treasure—a thing the loss of which would have been a loss to art. The Symphony in C, in genuine musical interest, is equal to any composition of Schubert's with which we are acquainted. It has, moreover, the peculiarity, strange in Schubert, of being a lively and cheerful character from beginning to end. How it was performed by the admirable orchestra which Mr. Manns directs so well, we need hardly say. The whole symphony, in its way a masterpiece, was rapturously received, and will be doubtless heard again very shortly. The overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *Leonora*, which respectively began and terminated the concert, were both played in perfection, and the first was uproariously encored. A young pianist, Miss Marian Buels (pupil of Mr. W. G. Cousins), produced a marked impression by her extremely neat, tasteful, and wholly unaffected performance of Mendelssohn's very difficult *Capriccio Brillante* in B minor (with orchestral accompaniments), a well-known *Gavotte* from one of the *Suites* of J. S. Bach, and a *Scherzo* from a MS. sonata of her own composition. Miss Buels, who was received with genuine favour, exhibits real promise both as pianist and as composer. She was unanimously called for after her solos. The singers were Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Byron—the last a young tenor, pupil of Mr. Randegger, who sang an air from F. David's *Lalla Rookh* and Beethoven's "Adelaide," in the second of which he was most ably accompanied on the pianoforte by his professor. At present, "Adelaide" is beyond the powers of Mr. Byron; but he sang his first air in such a manner as to give general satisfaction. Miss Wynne sang a very charming song ("Love will be master"), from Mr. A. S. Sullivan's MS. opera, *The Sapphire Necklace*, and a somewhat trite air from Mercadante's *Leonora*, which ends with a waltz tune of which M. Gounod must have been thinking, while engaged upon the first act of *Romeo e Juliette*. She was excellent in both.

Already the new organ in the Crystal Palace concert-room has been put to good use, Dr. John Stainer, of University Church and Magdalen College, Oxford, an organist of the first rank, having, at a recent concert, played, with remarkable ability and the greatest applause, Mendelssohn's Fourth Organ Sonata (in B flat), and J. S. Bach's grand Pedal Fugue in G minor, the most familiar and probably the finest of the grand old master's works in that style.

MADRID.—*Il Trovatore*, with Mad. Gueymard, Tamberlick, and Boscolini, in the principal parts, has proved a great success.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

A line or two must suffice to record the fact that, on Friday week, the greatest of our choral societies has begun a new season with a very splendid performance (in Exeter Hall) of Mr. Costa's second oratorio, *Naaman*, directed by the eminent conductor and composer himself. Among the audience were the Prince and Princess of Prussia, who occupied the gallery to the right of the orchestra, and remained till after the famous quintet, "Honour and glory, Almighty, be Thine,"—the last piece but one in the oratorio. We have nothing fresh to say about *Naaman*, which appears to be recognized as one of the stock pieces of the Sacred Harmonic Society. It was never heard with more unanimous satisfaction than on the present occasion, and this no doubt as much because the public have become familiar with the many beauties that distinguish it, as on account of the absolute perfection of its execution in all those parts in which the chorus and orchestra are concerned. The solo singers, too—Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Sainton-Dolby, Mdlle. Enequist, Messrs. G. Perren, Montem Smith, and Santley—one and all, sang their very best.

Israel in Egypt was given last night.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(Communicated.)

At a general meeting of the members of the society, lately held at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, it was resolved—"That the concerts be held next season at St James's Hall," and the directors were empowered to make the necessary arrangements. It was further resolved—"That the subscription should be three guineas;" the room also allowing for other subscriptions, those of two guineas and one guinea each were sanctioned. This is one of the most important innovations which has occurred in the annals of the society, and has no doubt been brought about by the increased love for good music, which is apparent in the opportunities now given to all classes, and by the large numbers who are willing to enjoy the works of the great masters, interpreted by the best musicians, at comparatively low admissions. The Society had within a few years the exclusive privilege of rendering these compositions, and it must have felt for some time the difficulties it has had to contend with in the limited area of the Queen's Concert Rooms, and though the arrangements and excellent acoustic properties of those elegant rooms render the separation a painful one, it is only carrying out the objects for which the society was founded, by appealing to all, rather than a small circle of the *dilettanti* in art. For this reason, as well as the advantage to be gained in a pecuniary sense, the change has become imperative. The removing the concerts to the much larger locale of St. James's Hall will enable the directors to grant to a much greater extent than heretofore the privileges accorded to their patrons, whose interest and gratification must be the society's first aim in view, and whether those interests accumulate in rendering in the best possible manner the masterpieces of the geniuses of the present and last centuries, or in endeavouring, as far as lies in their power, to foster the talent which each age brings to notice, it is hoped that, as years roll on, this decision to widen the sphere of the society's operations will prove to the advantage of the music, and maintain amongst the exponents of art that position which the Philharmonic Society, and through it the members themselves of the musical profession, have up to the present time enjoyed. It has been arranged that the opening concert at St. James's Hall shall take place on Wednesday evening, March 10th, 1869, and returning to the Monday evenings on April 5, 19; May 3, 17, 31; June 14 and 28; the single tickets for any evening being 10s. 6d. and 7s. for reserved seats; 5s. and 2s. 6d. unreserved. The vacancies for members and associates were filled up at the same meeting, Mr. Charles Gardner being elected a member; Miss Read, Mrs. J. Balsir Chatterton, Madame Arabella Goddard, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Mr. J. Foster, Mr. Santley, and Mr. G. B. Allen, Mus. Bac., associates; the election of many more candidates being deferred at present, either from there being no more vacancies, or the necessary number of readings of their recommendation papers not having been completed.

S. L.

PROVINCIAL.

Dr. SPARK's last Tuesday afternoon organ recital (Nov. 24th) in the Town Hall, Leeds, was "*In Memoriam*," and the programme, with a single exception, was appropriated to the music of Rossini. It was as follows:—

The Prayer from <i>Mosè in Egitto</i> , "Dal tuo Stellato" ...	Rossini.
The Dead March in <i>Saul</i> ...	Handel.
Selections from the <i>Stabat Mater</i> :—	
"Stabat Mater Doloroso" (Coro)
"Quis Animam" (Tenor Solo)
"Quis est Homo" (Duet S. S.)
"Infiammatus" (Sop. Solo and Coro)
Introduction and Duet, "Giorno d'orro" (<i>Semiramide</i>)...	Rossini.
Overture to <i>Guillaume Tell</i> ...	Rossini.

Dr. Spark did what might have been expected from a true musician and a reverencer of true genius. That his performance was worthy the occasion may be taken on trust.

LLANELLY.—A concert for the benefit of Mr. Thomas Williams, late bandmaster of the Dafen band, was given at the Athenæum on Saturday. There was a crowded house. Mr. Blethyn Jones, bandmaster to the 1st Glamorgan R.V.C., played a cornet solo. A glee class from Morriston was present, and also the Dafen glee class, conducted by Mr. John Thomas. The accompanist was Mr. Harry Ll. Edmund, who played a pianoforte solo, "March of the Men of Harlech," by Brinley Richards. There were several encores.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. Henry Farmer began his new season of "Concerts of Chamber Music" in the School of Art on Monday last. The programme was admirable:—Kallivoda's Trio, in E flat (Op. 200), for piano, violin, and violoncello; Haydn's Emperor Quartet; Bach's *Gavotte* and *Rondo* for violin; and Weber's *Concertstück*. Miss Bennett (piano), Mr. Henry Farmer (violin), and Mr. Selby (violoncello), were exccutants. The concert (54th of the series) passed off admirably. We hope the good people of Nottingham appreciate Mr. Farmer and his enterprise as they deserve.

ABERDEEN.—At the Saturday evening entertainments, Madame Emmeline Cole from London has been received with great favour. Her voice is a good soprano, and she sings like an artist. In Haydn's canzonet "My mother bids me bind my hair," Randegger's charming song, "Birds of the Spring" (encored), and in "Coming through the Rye," the clever vocalist made a decided impression. Her singing of "Within a mile of Edinburgh town" no less deserves to be mentioned with approval.

BRIGHTON.—The musical season is in full swing. Numerous concerts have taken place and many more are announced. Madame Sainton-Dolby gave her's in the large concert hall in West Street, and obtained, notwithstanding its being "election time," a good attendance. The *beneficitaire*, assisted by Miss J. Wells, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, were the principal vocalists, while in the instrumental department M. Sainton and Signor Piatti were chiefs. —Signor Calderazzi has given a *matinée*, and the new organ has been inaugurated in the Dome Assembly Rooms, Mr. Best of Liverpool showing its capabilities in a masterly manner. A miscellaneous concert was given in the morning, and the ever-welcome *Messiah* in the evening. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlles. Mehlhorn, Drasdil, Marliani, Messrs. W. H. Cummings, Lawler, Walker, and Carter.—The first concert of our Sacred Harmonic Society has taken place with Mad. Sherrington, Miss Elton, Mr. Nelson Varley, and Mr. O. Christian, as vocalists. *Samson* was the oratorio given.—Mr. Mark Lemon has given his reading of *Falstaff* in the Pavilion Rooms, and Mr. Basil Young his "Entertainment" in the same locale.—At the Theatre, Mdlle. Beatrice has commenced a "twelve nights" engagement, and has already played in *Marie Stuart*, *Broken Ties*, *Marie Antoinette*, &c.

TORQUAY.—The local *Directory* says:—

"Mr. Charles Fowler's second pianoforte recital took place on Saturday last at Villa Mentone. The programme consisted of Beethoven's Sonata in A major, Op. 2; 'The Rivulet,' Mendelssohn; *Bourrée*, Bach; an *Andante*, Weber; *Rondeau*, Rameau; *Valse*, in C sharp minor, Chopin; 'Queen Mab' (a sketch), C. Fowler; and 'Fun,' a third *tarentelle*, C. Fowler. The last is everything that its name implies. There are

effects in it altogether new and startling. 'Queen Mab' is a short, well written piece, in style quite out of the beaten track, and moreover, charming in effect. One of the most effective pieces in the performance was the *Bourrée*, by Bach, played with great spirit by Mr. Fowler. Mr. Fowler's third recital is advertised to take place on Saturday, December 5th, when his new sonata will be repeated. The programme also contains Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*; Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, and several smaller pieces by various authors."

ROSSINI.

(From the "Sunday Times.")

Rossini is dead, and of the great masters who made lustrous the early years of this century, Auber alone remains. The event is suggestive. It brings before us that heroic musical age to which Rossini belonged and of which he survived the close. It forces upon us thoughts about the present dearth of creative genius, and makes comparisons not at all flattering to the self-esteem of this generation. But from such considerations we must turn aside to sketch, and only sketch, the life that has just ended.

Gioacchino Antonio Rossini was born in February, 1792, at Pesaro, then a city of the Papal States. The advantages he inherited by right of birth were very few. His father played the trumpet in connection with a strolling operatic troupe; so that, but for the genius he possessed, Rossini might have succeeded to, and been satisfied with the paternal instrument. The lad's remarkable gifts, however, soon attracted attention, and made it evident that the future was in his own hands. He was placed under Mattei, a well-known master of the day, but seems to have brought considerable impatience to his studies. The secret of this was that he had resolved upon his course, and his ardent nature burned to begin even at the sacrifice of educational completeness. Mattei must have been considerably disgusted when young Rossini enquired if enough had been learned to qualify him for writing an opera. As opera writing was then understood, Mattei was compelled to reply in the affirmative; whereupon his promising pupil took himself off, and entered upon a career, the brilliancy of which neither master nor scholar could have anticipated. His first efforts brought him no great amount of fame immediate or remote. In this respect Rossini differs from many other masters of music. His genius, decided though it was, can hardly be called precocious. True, he wrote eight operas between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one, but the whole of them are almost entirely forgotten. It was not so with Mozart, with Beethoven, with Mendelssohn. The youthful productions of these composers are now, and ever will be, counted among the treasures of art. In explanation it must be remembered that the genius of the Germans was much more comprehensive than that of the Italian. Rossini was above all a melodist, and, as we have seen, he only cared to learn enough of harmony to serve the purpose of accompaniment. It is by no means surprising, therefore, that his first efforts lacked stamina. Rossini's ninth opera (*Tancredi*) was really the beginning of success. Produced at Venice during the Carnival of 1813, it has lived ever since and is living now; the overture especially having become everywhere a household piece. *Tancredi* was followed by *L'Italiano in Algeri*, which possessed equal vitality and brought the composer equal fame. The success of these works marked public acceptance of the peculiar style originated by Rossini, and more or less characterizing Italian opera ever since. As time went on, the master introduced modifications or expansions, but these touched lightly the main features of a method which remained to the end pretty much what it was in the beginning. Successes like those of *Tancredi* and *L'Italiano* could hardly expect unbroken repetition. The next opera, *Aureliano in Palmira* (1814), was comparatively a failure, but in the same year Rossini made another effort, the result of which was all he could have wished. *Il Turco in Italia* did much to extend a fame contemporary lookers-on must have foreseen would become universal. Curiously enough this alternate failure and success was the beginning of a series of alternations. *Sigismondo* (1815) gave promise of but brief existence, and speedily died; but *Elisabetta Regina d'Inghilterra*, which followed in the same year, was welcomed everywhere with enthusiasm, and made Rossini the most popular of Italian composers. It was the turn of the next opera to fail, and fail *Torvaldo e Dorliaka* (1815) accordingly did. But it was the turn of the next to succeed, and as that next was *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (1816), we need not point out how thoroughly it fulfilled expectations. The story told of the reception by the Roman audience of this immortal work is so generally known as not to demand repetition. We cannot help saying, however, that when Rossini was roused from sleep by the serenading noises of the very people who, on the previous night, had hissed his work, he must have been more gratified than surprised. The composer, at least, knew what sort of music he had written, and no doubt had supreme confidence in its ultimate success. From the date of *Il Barbiere* down to that of *Semiramide* (1823) the master's prolific genius gave opera after opera to his delighted and admiring countrymen. Most of these still survive, and some remain public favourites of the highest class. In the *Barbiere* year *Otello* made its appearance, followed in rapid succession by *Cenerentola*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Armida*, *Adelaide di Borgogna*, *Mosè in Egitto*, *Adina*, *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, *Eduardo e Christina*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Bianca e Faliero*, *Maometto Secondo*, *Matilda di Shabran*, *Zelmira*,

and, lastly, as a close to the master's labours in Italy, *Semiramide*. This list speaks of itself for Rossini's wonderful fertility, and more especially to those who know the operas, for his almost marvellous flow of tune.

By this time Rossini had acquired a European renown, and it was natural that he should respond to the invitations of foreign admirers. As a matter of course, Vienna, the city of great masters, was first visited. There the charm of his style and of his engaging melodies completely won the hearts of a people who had men like Beethoven and Schubert living in their midst. From Vienna Rossini came to London, meeting with hardly less enthusiastic a welcome than in the Austrian capital. During one season the Italian composer was the "lion" of aristocratic salons, and we are told that not a little English gold left England with him. Paris was the next city of his choice, and there Rossini took up his abode. He speedily became director of the Italian Opera, and entered upon the second productive period in his career. To this we owe the *Comte Ory*, the expansion of *Maometto* into *Le Siège de Corinthe*, and of *Mosè* into its present proportions. But to this above all we owe *Guillaume Tell* (1829), with which great masterpiece Rossini brought to an end his career as an operatic composer. Considering that no further success could add anything to the glory accruing from *Guillaume Tell*, he laid down his pen, only taking it up to show by means of the *Stabat Mater* (1832) and one or two other sacred pieces, that he could also excel in the handling of the most exalted themes.

It is of little worth to speculate upon the reasons why Rossini ceased to work. In 1829 he was but 37 years old, an age at which Handel had written only one oratorio—*Ether*. The loss to art from this early retirement cannot be calculated, but the retirement itself can in some sort be understood. During nineteen years the master had laboured continuously, under circumstances of intense excitement. His was no mere study work done in quiet retirement. On the contrary, he was always in an atmosphere which strung mind and body alike up to the highest pitch. What wonder, therefore, that he should rest at a time when, as he thought, the summit of ambition's ladder was reached, and there was no possibility of going higher. Moreover, it is easy to see in the character and temperament of the man a reason for his conduct. Paradoxical as it may appear after a record of so much industry, Rossini was indolent. Though incited to constant production by the sharp spurtings of great ambition, he compromised with his love of ease whenever possible. Hence the frequent using up of old material, and hence other contrivances familiar to those who know his life. Ambition once satisfied, indolence had everything its own way, and there followed the strange spectacle of a great genius barren for thirty-nine years. During that period, exactly the years of Mendelssohn's life, Rossini was the centre of a brilliant circle, in keen enjoyment of an existence which wanted nothing, and knew nothing of disturbance.

The inevitable hour came at last, and the brilliant Italian has passed away. But his memory will be green so long as his works survive—that is to say, so long as music itself shall endure.

MUSIC IN ETON COLLEGE.

That some of the Eton boys are musically inclined let the following extract from a juvenile's MS. testify:—

"I will not sing my little penny songs.
It is more blessed for the rippling pool
To be absorbed in the great ocean wave,
Than even to kiss the sea-weeds on its brink.
Therefore in passiveness I will be still,
And let the multitudinous music of the great
Pass into me, till I am musical."

To gratify this feeling Mr. Arthur D. Coleridge organized a concert, whereat only the "multitudinous music of the great" was performed. The affair came off in the mathematical school, on Saturday last; Mr. Coleridge being assisted by Messrs. Dannreuther, Blagrove, and Booth (professionals); Mr. Cornish and Rev. W. H. Bliss (amateurs). The programme included Schubert's Trio (Op. 99), Mendelssohn's Trio (Op. 66), and Beethoven's Trio (Op. 97), as well as a selection of songs by Schubert, Rossini, Donizetti, &c. Nothing could have passed off better, or more to the delight of those who, for the time, suspended their "little penny songs." Mr. Coleridge hopes the experiment will be tried at Harrow and Rugby.

STUTTGART.—A new three-act opera: *Elsa, oder das Lied der Mutter*, words by Herr Ernst Pasqué, music by Herr Felix Hochstätter, will shortly be produced.

MILAN.—Two performances of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* were given at the Teatro Carcano last week, "all' omaggio di Rossini," and half the receipts will be devoted to a fund that is being raised for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the late illustrious composer. Arrangements are now being made for a grand concert at La Scala for the same object, and will, in all probability, take place this month.

Shuber Silber across a Comic Singer.

The longing to "get into society" is accountable in a great measure for some of the worst evils of the time. It does for superior people what the love of fine clothes does for pretty servant maids. Dusterina knows that she is pretty; she is sure she should look like a real lady if she only had the weeds and trappings of a gentlewoman; for these are sacrificed all that was ever likely to make her respectable perhaps, and so one social evil is perpetuated. There also prevails amongst more fortunate people, though not the most fortunate, a passion for achieving all the appointments of the real "swell"—for living in the elegant splendour of titled people in general, to be of their neighbourhood and company; and to this passion, increasing enormously with the increase of commercial wealth of late years, a good deal of what is called commercial immorality is due. This also is a social evil of considerable magnitude, and it entails another of a political character. The same passion has given and gives to the House of Commons some of the worst and most mischievous pretenders that ever sat in it—men some of whom have gone from that assembly to the bulks, or to die by suicide at a prison door. Therefore it is a very deplorable passion. Nevertheless, it is so very natural a one that it is not likely to succumb to any amount of preaching. Such ambitions are common and ineradicable; and all we can hope for is that their pursuit may be less frequently made through the fortunes of innocent people, and to the injury of public morals. He should be regarded as a blessing to his generation who indicates a way to the same desirable ends by means more innocent; and we fancy we perceive such a way. It is suggested by a letter to the *Standard* from Mr. Harry Sydney, a comic vocalist (he disclaims the credit of being comic, but he can't seriously deny it, he is funny), one of those artists the lustre of whose genius extends from the dais of the music-hall, to the tables of dukes and princes. Mr. Sydney seems to have been attacked by the *London Review* in such a way as to provoke him to assert his honours and dignities. As a politician his views are "those of five out of six of the gentlemen of England;" he belongs to the great Liberal party. As an artist he has reminiscences connected with the Cave of Harmony of which any man may be proud. It was there that William Makepeace Thackeray spoke thus of him:—"Sometimes clever, always respectable." There also, says Mr. Sydney:

"I formed acquaintances, many of which have ripened into friendships, with gentlemen of every profession, and the leading men of every town and county in the kingdom. I could refer to more of the nobility and aristocracy of wealth and talent among my correspondents than the *London Review* has readers. 'Of all the memories of the past,' no circumstance affords me greater satisfaction than this—At Evan's I have been frequently and heartily complimented by the great historian."

and then a name is mentioned which all England holds in respect. Here, then, is a social position which leaves nothing to desire—gentlemanly politics, the approbation of the History and Imagination of your time, friendships made out of number amongst the nobility, to say nothing of the aristocracy of wealth and talent, and all achieved by the innocent means of singing comic songs in a Cave of Harmony. Why, then, we say to the ambitious, why strive for distinction in the weary mart and by the electioneerer's elbow—too often to the destruction of the innocence of your boyhood and to the ruin of other people's comfort? See what is to be done in Mr. Sydney's line, with nobles for patrons; and if you must be a swell, go and do likewise.

Shuber Silber.

SEVEN DOOMED THEATRES.

Of the seven theatres which are to be swept away by the Boulevard du Prince Eugène, the *Revue Municipale* gives the following historical particulars:—1. The Petit-Lazzari was in 1789-92 the Théâtre des Variétés-Amusantes. This soon fell into the hands of an Italian, named Lazzari, who played the part of harlequin with such grace and suppleness, that he became quite a favourite, and the public, consigning the real name of the theatre to oblivion, thenceforward baptized it Lazzari. This theatre was burnt down in 1798, and poor Lazzari, in a fit of despair at this accident, committed suicide. Under the Restoration a theatre for puppets only was erected on the Boulevard du Temple, and called the Petit-Lazzari, to commemorate the harlequin of former days. This theatre in 1830 exchanged its wooden actors for others of flesh and bone. 2. The Délassements Comiques stands on the site of the Théâtre des Associés, which flourished in 1768 under a manager of the name of Beauvisage, who was succeeded by the clever harlequin Sallé, when the theatre assumed the name of Théâtre Patriotique du Sieur Sallé. In 1795 it was called Théâtre Sans Préention; it was closed in 1807 by an Imperial decree, and transformed into the Café d'Appollon; but in 1815 Madame Saqui obtained leave to perform rope-dancing and pantomimes there, which in 1830 were exchanged for vaudevilles. The old house was pulled down in 1841, and rebuilt in three months, when it assumed its present name. 3. The Funambules was formerly exclusively devoted to rope-dancing,

as its name implies; but since 1880, vaudevilles and pantomimes have been performed there. The concern was sold for 400,000*fr.* a short time ago. 4. The Gaité was also in 1759 a theatre for rope-dancing, under the celebrated Nicolet, who attracted all Paris to his show by the drollery of his performance, enhanced by farces of rather questionable morality. The directors of the Opera became so jealous of his success that they obtained an order in 1769 restricting Nicolet's performances to mere pantomimes. But this restriction did not last long. In 1772 Nicolet performed before the Court at Choisy, on which occasion Countess Dubarry was so well amused that she caused the title of Théâtre des Grands Danseurs du Roi to be conferred upon this establishment. Nicolet set his brother managers the first example of generosity by giving the profits of a night's performance to the sufferers from the fire, which in 1777 destroyed all the booths of the Foire St. Laurent. His theatre assumed its present title in 1792; three years later it was called Théâtre d'Emulation, but Nicolet's widow restored the name of La Gaité in 1798. The celebrated fairy piece called the *Pied de Mouon* was performed here in 1806. The theatre was rebuilt in 1808, burnt down in 1835, and rebuilt in the same year at a cost of 443,000*fr.* 5. The Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques has no history of interest to boast of; it was built in 1831 by M. Allux, the inventor of the Neorama. 6. The Théâtre Impérial (*ancien Cirque*) was founded in 1780, by Astley for equestrian performances; it was taken in 1794 by Franconi, who in 1802, transferred it to the old convent of Capucines. But five years later the Rue de la Paix was run through the grounds, and Franconi had to migrate, first to the Rue Monthabor, and then once more to the Boulevard du Temple, where he erected the Cirque Olympique. This was burnt down in 1826, and rebuilt in the following year. Before 1848 it changed its name to that of Théâtre Lyrique; and the concern will be transferred to the new buildings west of the Pont au Change under its present name of Théâtre Impérial. 7. The theatre opposite, as our readers know, is destined to replace the Théâtre Lyrique, which was built by M. Alexandre Dumas and others, on the Boulevard du Temple, in 1846, under the name of Théâtre Historique, and opened with the first representation of the drama called *La Reine Margot*, which had considerable success.

DARMSTADT.—M. Gounod's *Königin von Saba* has been revived.

BOLOGNA.—*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, by Signor Dell' Argine, has been produced at last. Some say it is a tremendous success; others assert it is a fearful failure. *Nous ver rons.*

ELBERFIELD.—Second Subscription Concert, when Herr Joachim and Madame Joachim were engaged: Two movements from the unfinished Symphony in B minor, Schubert; air subsequently composed for *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Mozart; Violin-Concerto, Spohr; the *Schöne Melusine* overture, Mendelssohn; "Jubilate," Handel, &c.

ANTWERP.—The members of the orchestra of the Conservatory have determined to give, every winter, a series of four concerts for the performance of overtures, symphonies, choruses, etc., both by the old masters and modern composers. Solo performances, also, will be included in the programme.

MUSICAL MATTERS IN JAPAN.—The music of the Japanese is worth extremely little. To accompany the singers on the stage, they have an orchestra of twenty-one performers. The "Syamsia" is the principal instrument. It is a kind of guitar with three strings, two being tuned in the octave and the third in the dominant. The body of the instrument consists of the shell of a turtle, in the cavity of which the sounds produced by the three strings are re-echoed, the strings being set in movement by a small rod, made of horn. From this wretched instrument, the reader may form an idea what the others must be. The Japanese are not acquainted with harmony, and their instruments are played either *unisono*, or in the octave. As regards intervals and rhythm the poverty of their melody is such that no European musician can possibly conceive it. The Japanese nevertheless listen with pleasure to their music for hours together. Blind people are exceedingly numerous in Japan, even if we leave out of consideration the beggars who feign blindness. The bands which play at festivities and private parties are composed of blind men. The theatrical bands are almost exclusively so constituted, and excite in the mind of any European who happens to hear them a feeling of regret that he is not, for the time, deaf. The theatres have three tiers of boxes. The latter are so arranged that the ladies can change their toilets in them, and they do so in every wait between the acts. The actors' dresses are very rich, and the scenery splendid. The Japanese perform dramas, farces, and music, to which is added a pantomimic dance. In private drawing-rooms, where all games with cards or dice are forbidden by the police, the company amuse themselves with acting plays, and executing characteristic dances. Others, however, make up a party at "Iho-ho-yay," which offers a great resemblance to chess. When there are only two persons engaged in it, they play with 40 stones, on a board with eighty-one squares. The most favourite amusement in Japanese private circles is the "Game of Gossip," for which special performers are engaged. These performers pick up all the little stories and scandalous reports about town, and represent them at parties.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard has been unanimously elected an Associate of the Philharmonic Society.

Mdlle. Sarolta has left Paris for Moscow.

Madame Sass is re-engaged at the Opéra.

M. François-Jules Simon, chief editor of *L'Orpheon*, has just died, aged 52.

Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride* is announced for production at the Lyrique.

Lohengrin has been produced in the Russian capital without success. —*Athenæum*.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society has suspended its concerts for want of money.

Rossini's *Stabat* was given at the Italiens on Saturday night—a commemorative performance.

A special performance of *Guillaume Tell* was given at the Paris Opéra, on Sunday, in honour of Rossini.

Auber's *Le Premier Jour* still makes way. It is about to be produced at Strasbourg, Nancy, and Lille.

M. Roger has taken the place of singing-master at the Paris Conservatoire, made vacant by the dismissal of M. Révial.

Operatic business in Madrid seems to be very bad. According to some accounts, neither M^{me}. Gueymard nor Signor Tamberlick can attract the public.

M. Albert Sowinski has published a translation of Nissen's Life of Mozart, and appended to it a number of letters and authentic documents never before printed.

Mdlle. Carlotta Patti gave a very large concert, on Monday night, at Versailles. Nearly all the musical amateurs went down by express train, and the concert itself was a great success.

Mdlle. Patti is not only going to Russia this year, according to her original agreement, but she has made an engagement with the St. Petersburg Opera for the two following seasons.

We understand that it is determined to remove the Philharmonic Concerts from the time-honoured *locale* in Hanover Square to St. James's Hall. The change was foreshadowed at the close of last season.

The opening programme of the Brussels Concerts Populaires included these works:—Beethoven's Symphony in A, Gade's Scotch Overture, Chopin's Funeral March, and the Overture to Wagner's *Meistersinger*.

The Sacred Harmonic Society are about to give a performance "*in memoriam*"—for Rossini. The programme will comprise the "Dead March" from Handel's *Saul*, the *Stabat* of Rossini, and the *Requiem* of Mozart. Good.

Mendelssohn's *Trumpet Overture* (in C), one of the most interesting of his posthumous publications, will be played to-day at the Crystal Palace before the *Mount of Olives*, which in turn will be followed by the Triumphant March from Mr. Costa's *Naaman*.

At the third Monday Popular Concert (Monday next) we are to have, among other interesting things, the magnificent Overture of Schubert, for string and wind instruments, which Mr. Arthur Chappell, at his instructive and delightful entertainments, was the first to introduce to a London audience.

Mr. Alberto Lawrence, who originally performed the character of Nelusko in the English version of Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, at Covent Garden Theatre, has accepted a most lucrative engagement as principal baritone for the carnival at Brescia, where he will appear in Verdi's opera *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

The programme of the Crystal Palace Concert, to-day, is almost entirely devoted to Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. We cannot but think that, under the circumstances of the hour, the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini would have been more appropriate. What says whaler Bowley?—what says net-fisher Grove?—what says fly-fisher Manns?

A Paris paper states that at the rehearsal for the last Concert Populaire, the members of the orchestra revenged themselves for being compelled to play the overture to Wagner's *Meistersinger* by hissing the work they had just performed. It may be questioned if ex-ecutants have the right to express any critical opinion on the music they are called upon to execute, but there can be no doubt about the estimation in which Wagner's productions are held by professional musicians in Paris.

The author of innumerable burlesques, Mr. H. J. Byron, having latterly succeeded as a writer of comedies and dramas of real life, is acting at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, to crowded audiences. The part chosen by Mr. Byron for his own performance is that of Spraggs in *Blow for Blow*; and the unanimous verdict has been highly in his favour.

Mr. Aguilar's last programme of pianoforte music included the following:—Sonata in D, and "I arise," transcription (Miss Grace Aguilar); Caprice in E, and three Etudes (posthumous), Mendelssohn; Sonata (*quasi Fantasia*) in E flat, Beethoven (Miss Grace Aguilar), Gage d'Amour, Henselt; Consolations, Nos. 3 and 5, Liszt; and Fantasia on Lucia, Aguilar.

The *Choir and Musical Record* tells us that a curious illustration of the attractions of nature *versus* art is now to be seen in the Tropical Department of the Crystal Palace. On the one side we have the pranks and frolics of the large assembly of monkeys, and on the other a recital on Messrs. Byrneson's grand organ. The British public, with its usual delicate perception of the beautiful, prefers the apes to the music.

At the communal theatre of Turin a mark of respect was rendered to Rossini on the evening of the 15th. After the second act, the curtain rose upon the stage hung with black, and the whole of the company, wearing crape scarfs, were perceived standing round a bust of the deceased *maestro*. The audience at once rose and remained uncovered while the orchestra played the funeral march from *La Gazza Ladra*.

Mr. Frederick Burgess, the obliging manager of the "Original Christy's Minstrels," has announced his annual benefit, to take place at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, December 2nd. This is the fourth time Mr. Burgess has appealed to the public. On each previous occasion the appeal has been well responded to, and we have no conception of its failing now. The programme will be of the most attractive character, and the whole of the "double company" will appear.

"The Continental press"—says a contemporary—"is loud in praise of a young singer, Mdlle. Orgeni, who is expected to make her *début* immediately at the Théâtre-Lyrique. She has been performing Valentine at the grand ducal theatre of Karlsruhe, by the express desire of their Majesties, the King and Queen of Prussia, and to the great satisfaction of the public in general."

All we can say is that Mdlle. Orgeni must have made wonderful progress since she sang at the Royal Italian Opera in London.

The following has gone the round of the French and English press:—

"It is said that Auber, when he left the Villa Rossini, exclaimed, 'Poor Ambroise Thomas!' Evidently the composer of *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur* does not in the least believe that his affairs are in danger when the next house is burning."

Auber never said anything of the kind—never anything so silly and unfeeling. He is not the man for such miserable *bon-mots* as these; and it is too bad that idiotic penny-a-liners should father their wretched jokes on illustrious men.

Here is another bit of precious penny-a-lining:—

"Rossini and Meyerbeer greatly esteemed each other, but seldom met. A friend once asked Rossini why he was not more familiar with his German rival. 'You know he admires your *Semiramide* and *Cenerentola*, and you admit the merit of his *chefs d'œuvre*.' 'That is quite true,' said Rossini, 'but Meyerbeer and I cannot get on together.' 'But why not?' 'Why he always will have it that sour krout is better than macaroni.'"

Rossini and Meyerbeer, or the contrary, were intimate friends from the time of Meyerbeer's first visit to Italy, and were never in the same town without frequently meeting. The friend who asked the question is, like the stupid reply attributed to Rossini, a pure invention. Equally unauthentic is the following wretched old story unearthed for the occasion:—

"The stories of Rossini's vain glory, during his invasion of England, are countless. Who has not heard of his speech to the beauty standing between him and the Duke of Wellington: 'Madame, how happy you should be, to find yourself placed between the two greatest men in Europe.'"

Rossini never said anything of the kind. He was not such a donkey.

The *Sunday Times* (Nov. 22) begins its notice of the opening of the Monday Popular Concerts as follows:—

"The eleventh season of these concerts began quietly and unostentatiously on Monday last. No fuss was needed, and none was made. Performers, audience, and officials fell into their places, and the work began like that of a well-ordered school after the play-hour. During the recess St. James's Hall has been 'swept and garnished' to such a degree that those who have a fondness for loud colours must look upon it as a triumph of chromatics. But painters and gilders, though useful men enough, possess no such claims upon

public gratitude as those who removed the miserable organ which once had a place in the orchestra. That instrument offended the eye, and tortured the ear; moreover it took up valuable space henceforth to be eagerly occupied by Mr. Arthur Chappell's shilling patrons. Its departure to the place whither bad organs are sent is, therefore, in every way a boon."

COLOGNE.—Third Gürzenich Concert:—Overture to *Iphigenie in Aulis*, Gluck; Fifth Suite, Lachner (conducted by the composer); and the opera of *Orpheus*, Gluck (solos by Mesdames Joachim, Scheuerlein, and Beckmann).

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